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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes from the world of contemporary art, with portraits of painters and engravings of representative canvases of the French, English, German, and Italian schools.

THE SECESSIONISTS.

AN artistic movement of which little has been heard in this country is that of the German "Secession." It was originated by some Munich painters as a revolt against established academic traditions, and may be said to be the German parallel of the new Salon in Paris. Among its supporters are Fritz von Uhde, Max Liebermann, Gotthardt Kuehl, Albert Keller, and others of the more "advanced" artists of the contemporary German school.

Taking advantage of Berlin's rivalry with Munich as an art center, the Secessionists held their first exhibition in the Prussian capital last winter, and with marked success. Two of their most notable pictures are reproduced on pages 562 and 563. These are specimens of their best and sanest work; there were other canvases which showed that Germany has her "emancipated" artists as well as France, and that she has felt the successive waves of impressionism, realism, and mysticism that have emanated from the capital on the Seine.

By making Berlin their headquarters, the "Seces-

sionists" are further contributing to the artistic importance that has come to the city on the Spree with her recent rapid advance in wealth and population.

VON UHDE'S SUCCESS.

FRITZ VON UHDE, though as yet little known on this side of the Atlantic, is one of the remarkable figures of con-



Miss Clara T. McChesney.



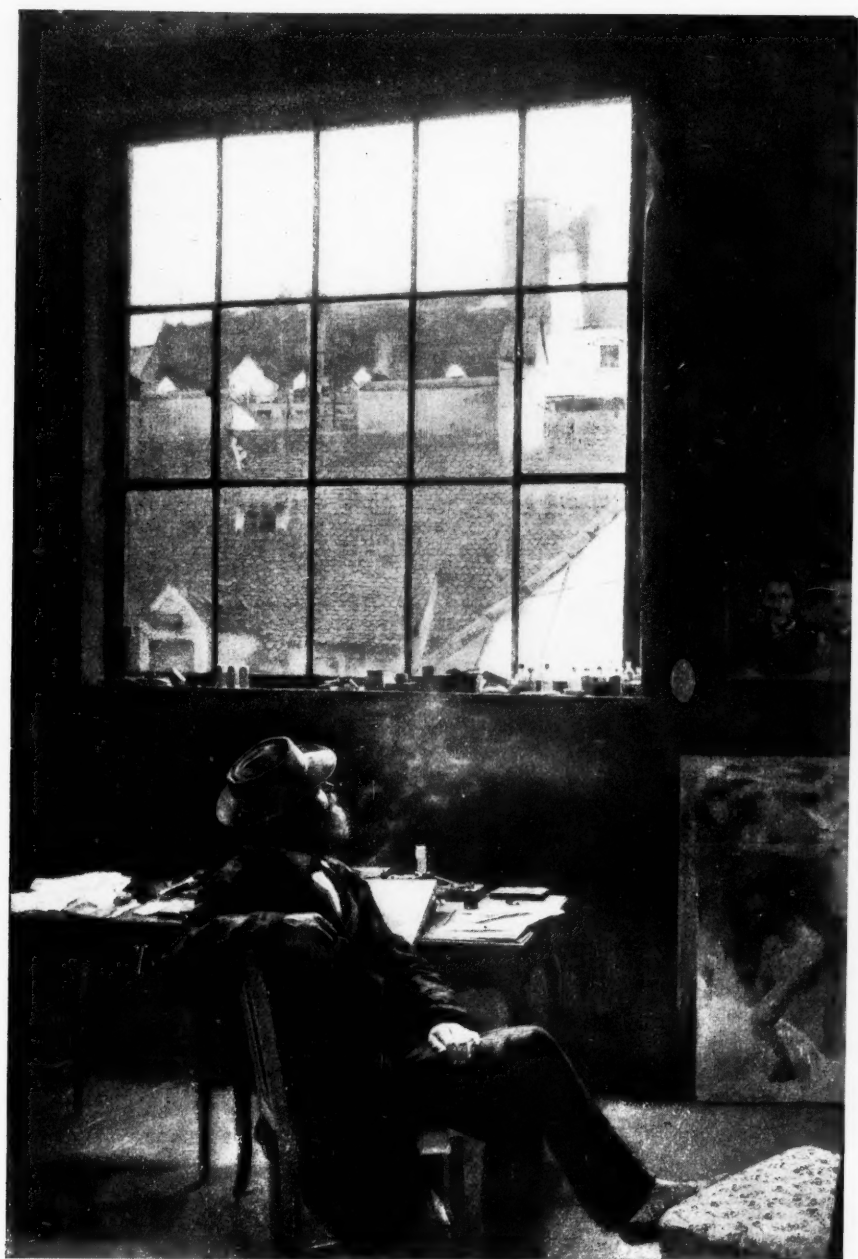
"The Holy Family."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Fritz von Uhde.

temporary art. Not very many years ago he was a young officer in the German army, with a strong fancy for the brush, but no skill whatever in using it. He was a great admirer of Hans Makart, and used to paint erratic mixtures of pea green waves and red haired water nymphs, in fancied imitation of the brilliant Viennese colorist. His amateur efforts were unsparingly derided, and his friends told him that his expressed ambition to become a

painter was as impossible as it was ridiculous. Nevertheless, he stuck to his hobby, and finally resigned his commission and went to Paris to study.

It seemed almost a suicidal step; but a few years later a picture which he sent to the Salon made one of the successes of the year; and since then von Uhde has steadily advanced to the front artistic rank. His work is marked by great originality and power, and by his strikingly realistic execution of ideal-

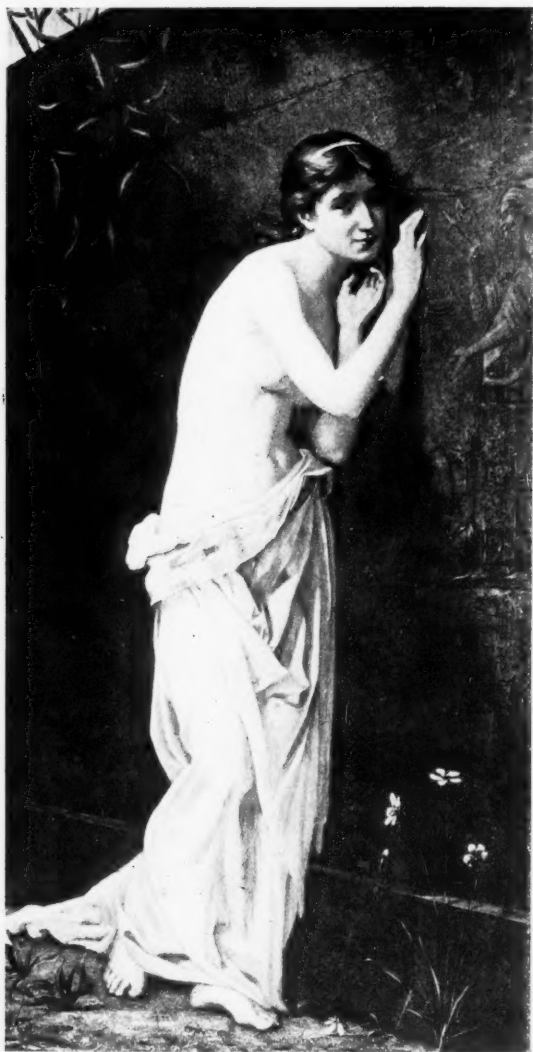


"In My Work Shop."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Victor Thomas.

istic conceptions. He has made a specialty of taking the old, traditional Biblical stories, and translating them

shown the Savior supping with Parisian artisans; but none has used the allegorical vein more happily, or been more truly a leader in its development, than von Uhde.



"Thisbe at the Wall."

From the painting by Edwin Long.

into modern forms, as in his "Holy Family," whose figures are those of modern peasants. Several French artists have joined in this same movement, notably Jean Béraud, who has pictured Christ as crucified on the heights of Montmartre, and Lhermitte, who has

MISS CLARA MCCHESENEY.

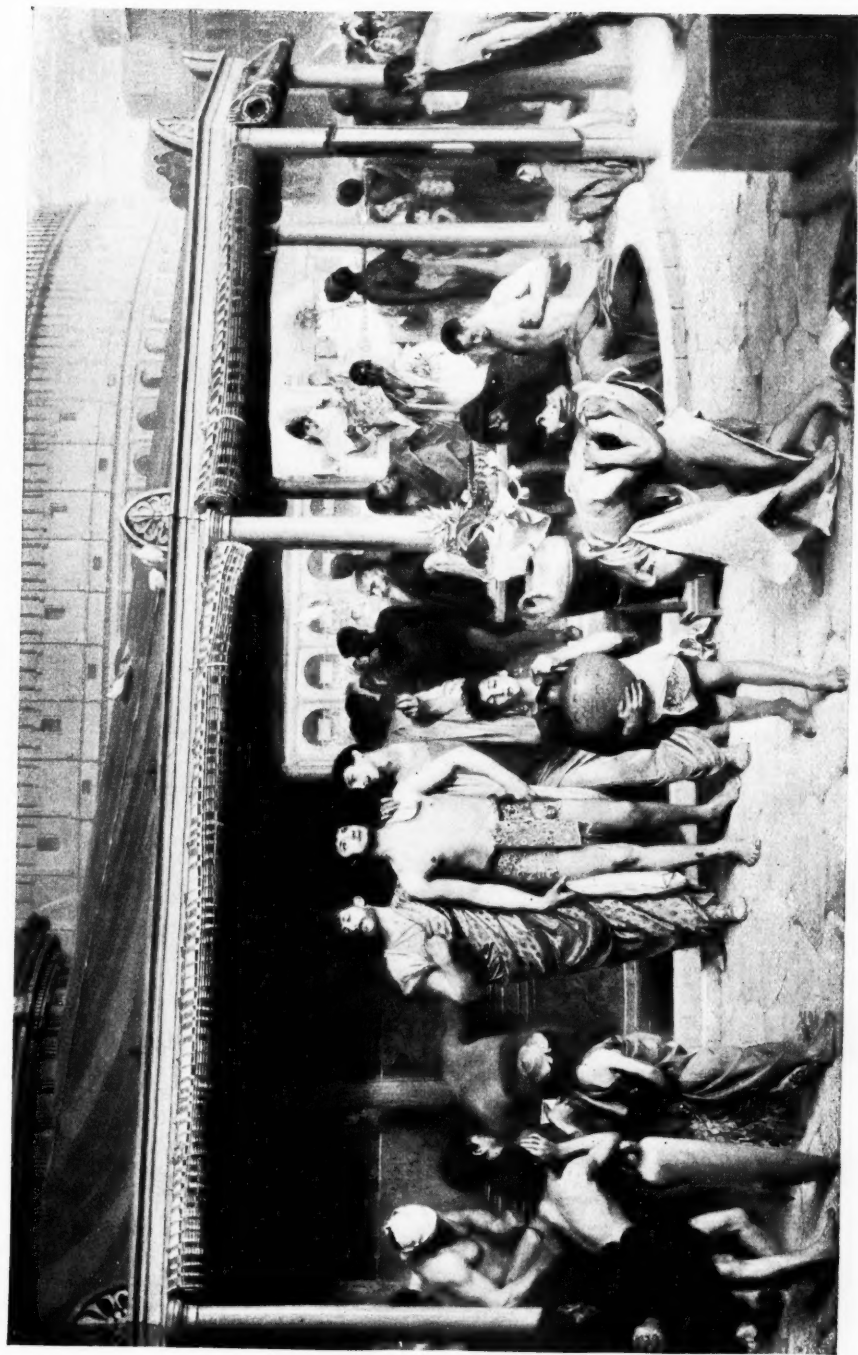
THREE months ago we spoke of the remarkable success of the women exhibitors at the last spring exhibition of the Academy of Design. Of one of the trio who carried off three out of the five prizes offered for competition, a portrait is given on page 561. Miss McChesney is a California girl, who some seven or eight years ago, when a student in a San Francisco art school, began sending water colors to the Eastern exhibitions. Her work found recognition and encouragement, and she soon afterwards came to New York, where she now has a studio.

Her prize picture of this year, "The Old Spinner," was the first oil painting she ever exhibited. It seems that it was submitted a year ago to the jury of the Society of American Artists, but failed to meet the approval of that learned body. It is both amusing and significant that the Academy should decorate a canvas which the younger society would not even admit to its galleries.

EDWIN LONG.

THE contemporary English school has no more representative exponent than

Edwin Long, of whom a portrait is given on page 568. Like several other British painters—notably Leighton, Alma Tadema, and Poynter—he has found his forte in classical genre. His artistic career has been long and prolific, and his popularity wide. His work has



"A Public Bath in Rome."
From the painting by E. Livy.



"The Squire's Daughter."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Edwin Long.

brought some of the highest prices paid for any pictures by living English artists. His "Babylonian Marriage Market," which now hangs in the Holloway Institute, was bought a dozen years ago for \$33,000, and several canvases of his have commanded prices running into five figures of dollars.

"Diana or Christ" is one of the best known of them, but none is better than his delightful figure of "The Squire's Daughter," engraved on this page.

Mr. Long was born at Bath in 1829. He received his first training in London, later going to Spain for a special study of Velasquez. In 1874 and 1875



"The Water Nymphs."
From the painting by Wilhelm Kroy.



Edwin Long, R. A.

he made a long journey through Egypt and Syria, which he found notably fruitful in artistic suggestion. All of his best work has been done since that time.

BRITON RIVIERE.

IN 1881, when Long was elected a Royal Academician, Briton Riviere was also admitted to the ranks of the "chosen forty." Riviere is an animal painter by preference, and a good one, though his reputation hardly stretches beyond the limits of his own country. His father was a teacher of drawing in one of the big English public schools—Cheltenham College—and taught his son himself. Then the younger Riviere went to Oxford, where he took the regular classical course, without losing sight of his work with pencil and brush; and at the time of his graduation he was already a successful exhibitor at the Academy, of which he became an associate in 1878. Many of his paintings have been reproduced by Stacpoole, Cousins, and other engrav-

ers, and in the form of steel prints have been very popular in England.

FRANK FOWLER.

It is a little curious that Mr. Frank Fowler should have won his first wide reputation through a piece of work which, when he received an order for it, he probably regarded as more or less of a "pot boiler"—the decoration of a public room in a New York hotel. In the panels he painted for the ball room ceiling of the Waldorf his success proved to be nothing less than striking. It set every one to talking about a new revelation of American decorative art, in this painter who had been known only as a maker of portraits.

It was recalled then that fifteen or sixteen years before, Mr. Fowler had been chosen by his teacher, Carolus Duran, as that master's assistant in the painting of a great fresco in the Luxembourg. Since



Briton Riviere, R. A.



"A Norwegian Mountain Torrent."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Herzig.

his return from Europe, Mr. Fowler had lacked opportunity for the display of his gift for mural work. That branch of art has hitherto had little field in America; but there are signs of its coming extension.

Mr. Fowler was born forty two years

several other American painters, is to-day, at fifty six, at the very height of his masterly activity with the brush. There are those who see in him the greatest of living French masters; while others, who admit—perhaps with envy—his prestige as an instructor and his



Frank Fowler, A. N. A.

ago in Brooklyn, and studied in Florence with Edwin White and in Paris at the Beaux Arts and with Carolus-Duran. He is a member of the Society of American Artists and an associate of the Academy, and is a successful teacher. He lives in the pretty New Jersey suburb of Nutley.

A BRILLIANT FRENCHMAN.

M. CAROLUS-DURAN, who has been the artistic mentor of Mr. Fowler, Mr. Carroll Beckwith, Mr. Kenyon Cox, and

popularity as a portraitist, urge in detraction that success is not greatness.

Whatever the verdict of posterity may be, it does not seem too much to say that Carolus-Duran has unexcelled qualities of strength and brilliance. Few painters have done such uniformly striking work in so many different lines. His portraits include a long list of names prominent in Paris society—one of the best known being that of Mlle. Croizette, the comedienne. Besides these, he has painted a wide range of



"The New Cavalier."
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Francesco Tinca.



Charles A. E. Carolus-Duran.
From a photograph by Piront, Paris.

figure pieces, and many landscapes, one of which is in the Luxembourg; and like Gerome, he has experimented successfully with sculpture.

Carolus-Duran's personality is as brilliant as his art. He has the true fire of genius, together with the courtliness of the successful professional man and the graces of the accomplished citizen of the great world. He is something of a musician, and is noted, even in his sixth decade, for his skill in horsemanship, swimming, and fencing. There was a romantic story of his having saved the life of a young and beautiful heiress at a watering place near Bordeaux. Philip Gilbert Hamerton says that the description of the rescued lady is the reverse of accurate, but that the rescue took place, and was not the only one of which M. Carolus-Duran has been the hero.

Of Jules Ernest Lenepveu, whose portrait appears here with that of M. Carolus-Duran, a brief account was given in this magazine last November, when his painting of "The Martyrs of the Catacombs" was reproduced.

THE RISING GENERATION.

To last month's paragraph on Henry Mosler it may be added that at this year's Champs Elysées Salon a picture that hung "on the line" bore the signature of his son Gustave. For a lad of nineteen, and for that lad's first effort as an exhibitor, such a distinction is really a remarkable one, and says much for Gustave Mosler's future.

Another member of the American artistic colony in Paris has a son who is following his father's footsteps and promising to repeat his father's success. Aston Knight, son of Daniel Ridgeway Knight, has been studying with Jules Lefebvre, and this year—without the knowledge of his master—he submitted a picture to the Salon jury. It was accepted, and won warm commendations.



Jules Ernest Lenepveu.
From a photograph by Daireaux, Paris.



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"A Dead Heat."

From the painting by Arthur J. Ebley. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



From a photograph by Decker, Cleveland, O.

THOMAS LOFTIN JOHNSON.

The remarkable career and personality of the young millionaire Congressman from Ohio who is known throughout America as "Tom" Johnson—His rapidly won success in business and politics.

By Harold Parker.

AMERICA is a land where men and things move rapidly; but it is seldom, even in this speedy Western republic, that fortune and reputation have been more quickly made than by the Congressman who represents the city of Cleveland at Washington. In many ways Mr. Johnson is a typical American, and especially a typical Westerner; but in much he is unique among the public men of the day. In politics, as in business, he is original to eccentricity and brave to recklessness. In both he has

proved himself forceful and resourceful, and has the prestige of success. Engaged on a great scale in a heavily protected industry, he is an out and out free trader, with all the courage of his convictions. At the head of several great corporations, some of which are distinctly of the nature of monopolies, he is an earnest advocate of the theories of Henry George, who holds that all monopolistic functions should be intrusted to the government. He is at once an employer of something like

twenty thousand hands, and an enthusiastic advocate of "the rights of the working man." His possessions are large and rapidly increasing, yet he favors an income tax and dared to speak, in Congress, in defense of Coxey. Surely we have here a character worth studying.

He has made his own way in the world, and has made it at an astonishing rate. He is just forty years old—one of the youngest men in Congress. He comes of a family that has figured prominently in the annals of Kentucky, its most famous member being the Richard M. Johnson who was elected Vice President of the United States in 1836. His father, a Confederate officer, left Kentucky at the close of the war, settling in Evansville, Indiana, where young Johnson's boyhood was spent.

He went to the common schools, and at fifteen got a place in the office of a street railway in Louisville. Here he learned the business thoroughly, showed great capacity for it, and was rapidly promoted. He was something of a mechanical genius, too, and one of his inventions—an improved fare box—brought him some money. At twenty two he had saved enough to join in purchasing a small line in Indianapolis, of which he became manager and his father president. He made the enterprise a successful one; but this did not satisfy his ambition. To him, each success has been but the stepping stone to a greater one. From Indianapolis he moved to Cleveland, where he again secured a footing by buying an unprofitable street railway and making it a profitable one.

In Cleveland his remarkable ability as an organizer for the first time found scope. Within a few years the whole system of street transportation in the Ohio city had been consolidated under a single management, at the head of which was Tom Johnson. The use of this abbreviated name, by the way, calls for no apology. Mr. Johnson was christened "Thomas Loftin," but he seems to have almost forgotten the fact himself. Even in the dignified pages of the Congressional Directory he appears

as "Tom Johnson," and his constituents know him by no other appellation.

Meanwhile he had married, and had entered politics. In 1888 he got a Democratic nomination for Congress, made an energetic campaign in his outspoken and original way, and though his effort was regarded as a "forlorn hope," he very nearly carried the district. Two years later he tried again, and was elected by more than three thousand majority. Then the State was redistricted by the Republicans, and his constituency was so altered that in 1892 his defeat by fully two thousand votes was expected. Mr. Johnson was not dismayed. He went into the fight on his own platform and in his own way, and amazed the politicians by sweeping the field with three thousand majority.

Men admire courage, boldness, liberality of thought, and force of expression—and these are the qualities that have made Mr. Johnson's mark in politics. He is one of those whose lives are lived before all men; who scorn exclusiveness and shun ostentation. His critics—for like every public man, he has critics—smile at his visits to New York, when "after dining at his gorgeous hotel on fried chicken and champagne he sends his silk hat and English overcoat up to his apartments, dons a slouch traveling hat, wanders over to Third Avenue, and talks for an hour in a stuffy little hall on the deplorable condition of the American working man." Mr. Johnson can afford to smile back at the easily made charge of demagoguery. Sympathy with those who need sympathy is a pretty good crime to be accused of.

In the last few years Mr. Johnson's business interests have been extended at a remarkable rate. To his street car system in Cleveland he has added others, completed or projected, in Allentown, Detroit, Brooklyn, and half a dozen other cities. Besides his large steel rail mill at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, he is now establishing a still more extensive plant at Lorain, near Cleveland, which is to include among its equipments a great lake port and an electric road to Cleveland.

THE POISONED TAPESTRIES.

By Elizabeth W. Champney.

AROUND them was some of the most beautiful scenery of the Italian lakes. A wonderful panorama of snow mountains, the glaciers and peaks of the Simplon, trended away into the clouds, and the lovely Lago Maggiore was the middle distance.

They were at Isola Bella, that most charming of old Italian gardens, a creation of magic on a once barren rock. Its stately artificial terraces stepped down past the rococo shell grotto, past moss grown fountains and century old yews, cedars, magnolias, cork and camphor trees, magnificent oleanders like bouquets of rockets, through the orangery, and a maze of high hedges of ancient box, through boskets of ilex and lemon, to the rippling waters of the bluest of lakes.

It was a garden to fill the soul of a botanist with rapture, for here were aloes and palms from Africa, tree ferns from Australia, strange growths from India and China and Mexico, cedars of Lebanon, and tangling vines from the forests of the Amazons; and rioting over all, the most brilliant flowers. But there were passages of gloom which the flowers could not brighten; dense, heavy growths of shade that spoke of neglect and sadness. The fortunate owners of the villa spent little time here, preferring the gay life of the cities to this lonely retreat.

Laura DeLamater and Lewis Hiscox strolled through it animated by very different feelings. The rest of the party were being conducted over the palazzo by a guide, but Hiscox had induced Laura to allow him to show her the garden. The others had noticed that he liked to lead Laura away to unfrequented nooks whenever he had an opportunity, but, as "all the world loves a lover," no one interfered.

It seemed to Lewis Hiscox that now if ever the time and the place were favorable for the declaration he had to make. The very atmosphere breathed romance. The Italian boatmen were singing love songs. The warm air was heavy with the perfume of flowers. Art and nature, and the associations that clustered about the villa, all lent their influence to this charmed spot. How could a sensitive nature like Laura's fail of feeling the fascination of her surroundings? Surely he was fortunate to form a part of them. Now and ever after his personality would be invested with the glamor of the scene.

Laura was silent, and her eyes had an abstracted, far away look, which was surely encouraging. Lewis handed her a spray of jasmine, and begged permission to recite a little ballad of his own composing. It began:

In all Avignon's gardens
The nightingales were mute,
For the lonely scholar Petrarch
Had lightly touched his lute.

The poem went on to describe the love of Petrarch for the Lady Laura, and the young author hoped that Laura DeLamater would comprehend why he had chosen her name for such a theme. If she did, she did not betray herself.

"It is very cleverly composed," was her comment. "You ought to send it to one of the magazines."

"I had no thought of publication when I wrote it," he replied. "It was inspired by my own feelings as we walked down the terrace together, and I hoped that you would recognize the personal quality in it."

"I think you have caught the spirit of this old garden very nicely in your lines," Laura said, wilfully ignoring any reference to herself. "One can't help recognizing the artificiality of the place.

We feel that, charming as the island is, it was all made to order—the earth brought from a distance, as well as the trees and shrubs—and that not a flower or weed has sprung spontaneously, or a brook trickles where the water has not been piped. It is like the stage setting of an Italian opera—bewitchingly pretty, but insincere. But really we are spending too much time here. Let us join the others and see what there is of interest in the palazzo.”

With a light step she led the way into the hall of the palace, and paused by the side of the guide, who was explaining the escutcheons of the Borromeo family, with which the walls were emblazoned. They wandered with the rest of the party through suite after suite of stately apartments, decorated with tapestries, frescos, and gilding, and filled with costly antique furniture and objects of art. One apartment was named after the first Napoleon, because he had slept there during his Italian campaign, and others after different crowned heads who had been entertained at the villa; but the room which interested Laura most was that of the great cardinal, Carlo Borromeo, the most distinguished man of this noble line. She very reverently laid the sprig of jasmine, which she had kept quite unconsciously, before his marble bust.

“There is a character,” she said, “whom I revere with all my heart. You know his history.”

“Not in detail,” Hiscox admitted. “But I should like to hear it from you.”

“I love him for his sublime self sacrifice and devotion to humanity,” Laura said. “I do not wonder that at Milan he is worshiped as a saint. You know he was born and brought up in this beautiful home, with only luxury about him, and the gay world offering him every seduction in her power. Noble, talented, with a passion for art and architecture, young, handsome, and beloved, he gave up everything for the religious life. His talents brought him immediately into high eminence. He became Bishop of Milan, then cardinal, and there was talk of his being called

to the papacy. But he loved Milan most of all, and aided by his influence, as well as by the princely donation of his personal fortune, his city’s great cathedral grew into a thing of beauty. Every day, as it approached completion, he prayed that he might live to see it finished, and to chant the ‘Nunc Dimittis’ at its high altar.

“It was nearly done when the plague smote the city. Hundreds were dying, physicians fled, parents deserted their stricken children. There were no nurses, for to tend the sick meant death. Then Cardinal Borromeo called a council of those in charge of the cathedral funds, and asked, ‘Shall we please God better by gratifying our pride in our cathedral or by caring for His poor?’

“And the chapter, carried away by his eloquence, left the cathedral unfinished, and devoted the money to the relief of the sick. The cardinal himself organized the monks into a nursing corps, and went from house to house setting them an example of courage and devotion, and ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of the suffering.”

“Poor enthusiast,” said Hiscox; “he took the plague for his pains and died, and another bishop had the honor of finishing his pet cathedral.”

“But before that,” exclaimed Laura, “he saw the light of hope in many dying eyes, and he knew that through his efforts the terrible plague was stayed, for he was its last victim in Milan. I am certain that the grand words of the ‘Nunc Dimittis’—‘Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation’—must have had truer meaning uttered by the lips of that dying martyr than if he had chanted them on the altar steps of the finished cathedral.”

“You are interested in the great cardinal,” said the guide. “I will show you, if you wish, the bed upon which he died.”

He led them to a remote room in the palace, and showed them a simple bedstead, utterly denuded of drapery. “The family had it brought from Milan,” the guide explained.

"But where are the hangings?" Laura asked. "See, there is the support for the canopy, with the rings still upon it, and some of them have shreds fastened to them as though the bed curtains had been violently torn away."

"*Mademazella* comprehends," said the guide, "that the cardinal died of the plague, and that the tapestries which formed the bed hangings were infected, and must have been burned with the coverlets and linen. The germs of that disease have been known to be preserved in fabrics for centuries."

"You say that the hangings were tapestries," Hiscox said. "How do you know even that?"

"There is an old picture," the guide replied, "of the cardinal upon his death bed. It was painted by an artist who loved him so much that he dared the danger of contagion that the features of this saint might be preserved to the world. By a miracle, in reward for such heroism, the painter lived. This is the picture. It represents the bed with the curtains drawn back, but in the folds of the tapestry you can distinguish the arms of the *Borromeo* family surmounted by the cardinal's hat, worked in bright red on a dull green ground."

The sun was setting when the tourists embarked from the island, and the little fleet of boats set out in company for their hotel across the lake. As they started, the water was rippling with rosy reflections and the sky was glorious with splendid color. But the flashing tints faded, and the moon rose white and majestic over the hills of *Baveno*.

Lewis Hiscox felt that he must put his fate to the touch, for on the next morning they would set out for *Milan*, where the party was to break up, and he might never have such an opportunity again. They were practically alone, for the Italian boatman and the German archæological student in the bow of the boat could not understand English. Hiscox said abruptly:

"Miss *DeLamater*, you wilfully misunderstood me a short time since. My poem was not a mere literary trick, it

was the cry of my heart. I am that lonely scholar. Will you not be my *Laura*?"

"Mr. Hiscox," *Laura* answered hurriedly, "you say that I 'wilfully misunderstood.' If I understood your meaning and feigned not to do so, what other motive could I have had except to save you a humiliation? Why have you pressed the question?"

"Because I will not be baffled and set aside thus. I am most passionately in earnest, and I will not give up my attempts to win your heart until you tell me that it belongs to another."

"And, since this is so, you will forgive me for the pain which I have given you, knowing how deeply sorry I am?"

Lewis Hiscox set his teeth hard for a moment, and then asked: "And who is he—that other man?"

"I do not see that you have the right to ask."

"I need not. It is that contemptible, would-be artist, *Philip Stanwood*."

"Mr. Hiscox, you forget yourself. Mr. *Stanwood* has the respect of all who know him, both as an artist and a man, and we have been engaged for over a year. Will you kindly allow me to pass? The boatman is waiting for us to land."

Lewis Hiscox sprang from the boat and tramped away down the beach, most ungallantly allowing *Laura* to step ashore unassisted, and leaving the German student—who smiled his comprehension of the situation—to settle with the boatman.

But *Laura* did not smile. She had seen a fiend looking through Lewis Hiscox's eyes, and, brave woman that she was, she trembled with a vague alarm. She was relieved that he was not on the train when the party set out for their southern journey, and at *Milan*, in the delight of her visit to the great cathedral, she quite forgot him. As she stood upon its marble roof and looked away to *Lago Maggiore*, she thought only of the sainted *Carlo Borromeo*.

The two thousand gleaming statues, which he never saw, stood on every pinnacle, so far from earth that they

seemed like the company of the elect mounting rapturously into the heavens. Would not the good cardinal have gladly left the beatified throng to view for one moment his beloved cathedral complete and "white and glistening" like the vision of St. John?

There was only one place to visit after that morning of exaltation, and that was the convent refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, which holds da Vinci's masterpiece—the fading vision of the "Last Supper."

But this painting brought Laura to earth again, for the expression on the face of Judas reminded her of Lewis Hiscox. She shook off the unpleasant suggestion resolutely and strolled into a bric-à-brac shop, searching for a present for her lover's birthday. She wished something for his studio in Paris—a rather plain apartment, for young Stanwood was not wealthy enough to indulge luxurious tastes in the matter of furnishings.

Laura finally decided on a suit of Milanese armor, and some souvenirs of a less expensive nature. She ordered them sent to Paris, leaving the address, and her card, on which she had written, "Some trifles for your studio."

As she stepped out of the door, Lewis Hiscox turned a corner of the arcade. He hesitated whether to follow her, but it was surely his evil angel that prompted him to enter the shop instead. He carelessly asked the price of the suit of armor, and was told that it had just been sold. The young lady had ordered it sent to the address upon the card. Hiscox's face grew dark, and the dealer in curiosities vainly endeavored to dispel his gloom by displaying other wares. Unfortunately he had no more armor, but if the gentleman was a connoisseur in tapestries he could not fail to be interested in some very remarkable ones which he had just secured for a fabulous sum. It was a lucky find; an old convent had been lately demolished, and in one of the cells had been discovered a set of superb hangings in three pieces, evidently intended for the canopy of a bed. They must have belonged to some cardinal, for a cardinal's hat was em-

broidered in scarlet in the center of each piece.

"Where are these tapestries?" Lewis Hiscox asked, with a sudden display of interest.

The man led him across the court at the rear of the shop, and up a rickety staircase, to a miserable room, bare of furniture with the exception of a large table littered with many colored wools, and supporting a scaldino or brazier in which some pungent scent was burning. The tapestries hung upon the wall, and though prepared by his suspicions, Hiscox was startled to see how exactly they reproduced the picture and the traditions of the Borromeo tapestries. The escutcheons with their quarterings were unmistakable.

"Why do you keep them in this out of the way place?" Hiscox asked; and the man explained that this was the room used by his tapestry mender. The hangings, when he brought them home, were badly frayed at the top, and one of them was torn, as though it had been violently wrenched from its supports. He thought this was an indication that the tapestries had been stolen, either by invading soldiers or some hasty thief.

"And why are you burning those drugs in this room?"

"I will not deceive the signor," the man replied. "My tapestry mender was taken down with fever just after she had completed her task of mending that rent so beautifully, and to guard against any possible infection of the tapestries we have been burning aloes."

Hiscox comprehended. There was no danger that the little workwoman had infected the tapestries, but a terrible certainty that, securely wrapped in the convent cell, they had kept their plague poison, absorbed in the last sickness of Carlo Borromeo, and were now giving out the germs of death.

"Where is the sick woman?" Hiscox asked. "Is she in this house?"

No; the authorities had removed her to the pest hospital. Her case was a strange one, and they did not understand it.

Hiscox bargained with the man for the tapestries, getting them for a low

figure on account of the possibility of their being infected.

"And shall I send a boy to take them with the signor to his hotel?"

"No, you may pack them in the same case with the armor. I wish them to go to the gentleman for whom the lady ordered the other articles."

"And will the signor inclose his card, also?"

"No, it is of no consequence."

"This gentleman will think that the lady has sent all——"

"And what business of yours is it if he does?"

"None, Signor. Your excellency's orders shall be executed."

The man put on his hat and followed Hiscox at a distance. He was suspicious, and determined to ascertain the name of his mysterious patron. The latter walked on irresolutely. He longed to go to the pest house, to learn whether the tapestry mender really had the plague; but he hardly dared to show his interest in the case. He stopped at a book stall and purchased an old medical work, which he carried to his hotel, and immediately shut himself up in his room—without noticing the slouching figure that followed him to the door.

The seller of antiques hesitated, turned, and found himself face to face with Laura DeLamater. They recognized each other, and Laura asked if her purchase had been sent. The man told of the mysterious stranger who had purchased some tapestries to be sent in the same box.

"He forgot to pay for the extra expressage," he added, "and I came to see to whom I should apply for it."

"That is strange," Laura replied. "What was the man's name?"

"He would not give it; but stay, he is there;" and the man pointed to Hiscox mounting the hotel stairs, deeply absorbed in his book, which he read as he walked.

"He sent Philip a set of tapestries!" thought Laura, as she gave the shopkeeper the small sum he asked for. "How I have misjudged him! How noble and magnanimous he is!"

Shut in his room, with fiendish mal-

ignity Hiscox gloated over the diagnosis of the plague as given in the old medical book:

"The contagion is most deadly when conveyed by bedding or bed hangings, and may be carried from one country to another or preserved in its virulence for many years. Childhood and old age, strange to say, are usually exempt, while it attacks men in the prime of life and in the perfection of health."

Lewis Hiscox read on with growing delight. The symptoms of the first eight days were disturbed sleep, depression, burning eyes. Then came the *stadium invasionis*, marked by a protracted chill, after which the patient is unable to leave his bed.

Stanwood slept in his studio. Hiscox pictured him partly screened by the poisonous tapestries, which he would fancy a gift from his lady, dreaming of her in his fits of dizziness, seeing her in flashes of light that tortured his eyes, talking of her in his muttering delirium. Laura intended to return to Paris in a fortnight; she would find him in a high fever, past recognizing her, but shrieking her name in his madness. Would she insist on nursing him, and also take the disease, he wondered? No, that would not be allowed, for by this time the characteristic bright red spots would have appeared, and the physicians would surely recognize the terrible disorder.

Then would follow the week in which all the symptoms would increase to their height, and the crisis be reached. The would-be murderer saw his victim lying in a deep stupor, or mumbling feebly and picking at the bed clothes. Attempt to rouse him if you will, Laura DeLamater! It will be of no use. The real world is lost to him now, though he will live for a few days longer in an imaginary sphere of his own. His tongue is covered with a blackish crust; he is consumed with thirst; his temperature reaches 108, and his heart beats grow fainter and fainter. He has illusions of hearing and sight, with constant excruciating headache; his face wears a deep flush, and his expression becomes stupid and coarse, till finally

death comes in its most revolting and frightful form.

Lewis Hiscox stretched out his arms with delight. The end would come in thirteen days from the inception of the disease.

He longed to go to Paris to hear the result, but did not dare to do so. It would be wiser to be well out of the country, to avoid possible investigations, and he determined to go to Venice and take passage on a steamer for the far East.

When only a few miles on his journey, a railway accident occurred, and Hiscox was one of the victims. He was brought back to the hospital at Milan, and for several days lay between life and death, with a perfect consciousness of his condition, but unable to speak or to move a hand.

As he lay thus, the insane desire for revenge which had possessed him passed, and he realized the awful crime he had committed. Those who watched him saw the agony in his face as he attempted to speak, but six days passed before he was able to make himself understood. At the end of that time he found that he could move the fingers of his left hand. The nurse handed him a pencil and he wrote:

"Send this telegram to Philip Stanwood, rue Hautfort, Paris: 'Burn the tapestries sent you from Milan. They have been exposed to infection.'"

He boldly signed the telegram with his own name, and gave the address of the hospital. Several days dragged by but no answer came, and Hiscox felt sure that the poison in the Borromeo tapestries had begun its work. He telegraphed again, this time to a friend, asking for news of Philip Stanwood.

The next day an answer came: "Called on Philip Stanwood today, but did not get any reply to my knocking—though concierge believed him in. Fears he may be sick, as he had a chill yesterday."

Hiscox had been gaining slowly, and with a superhuman effort he rose, dressed, and insisted on being taken to the train.

"It is the beginning of the *stadium*

invasionis," he thought. "By the time that I reach Paris the disease will be at its height. I will go to him, nurse him until his death, and pay the penalty of my crime by the forfeit of my life."

He reached Paris more dead than alive, and was driven at once to Stanwood's studio. His face was like that of a corpse, and his limbs trembled frightfully as he knocked at the door. What was his astonishment to find a gay company gathered within, and to be greeted by Philip Stanwood, radiant with health and happiness!

The young artist led him to Miss DeLamater, who was pouring tea, enthroned under a canopy formed of the Borromeo tapestries.

"Take them down, burn them!" cried Hiscox. "They are the hangings of the bed on which Cardinal Borromeo died of the plague."

The artist laughed gaily. "Excellently well acted, my friend, but your little joke does not go down. I am not so easily fooled by false antiques. Your present is a very clever imitation, and makes a handsome adjunct to my studio; but I was not for a moment deceived into thinking that the tapestries were genuine."

"It was very nice of you," Laura hastened to add, "to remember my admiration for Cardinal Borromeo, and they are quite as useful for backgrounds of pictures as if they were genuine."

"But they *are* genuine," Hiscox gasped, "and saturated with infection——"

"Saturated with a fiddle stick! If you wanted to scare us with any such idea as that you should have ripped off the mark of the maker;" and Stanwood showed him on the reverse the name and address of a manufacturer at Lyons. "He makes a specialty of imitating famous pieces of medieval tapestry," the artist went on. "I have been in his factory."

Lewis Hiscox felt the room swim round, but he did not faint. His one thought was, "I am not a murderer!"

"And you have slept in this room for the past three weeks and have not been sick?" he asked.

"Certainly. I never felt better in my life."

"And you have not even had a chill?"

"Yes, one day last week; but that was after being capsized at the rowing match at Joinville le Pont. It did not hinder my rowing again the day after.

By the way, your friend Tarrant called one afternoon during my absence. I am sorry to have missed him."

Lewis Hiscox turned and examined the maker's mark on the tapestries. Yes, there was the date of their manufacture—1890. He was not only a criminal; he was a fool.



NOT AT HOME.

"Not at home!" A servant's blunder?
As I dumbly leave a card,
"Is she really out?" I wonder,
And my breath comes thick and hard.

And I feel chagrined, defeated,
And the housetops blur and whirl;
Is it thus a man is cheated,
For putting his trust in a girl?

Ah, will she guess my sorrow,
And my mean and jealous doubt?
Will she write and say, tomorrow,
She is sorry she was out?

Not at home! The street is dusty,
No gleam from the high arc light,
And the wind comes chill and gusty;
There'll be a storm tonight.

Not at home! The world grows bitter
And my life seems flat and tame,
As I seek the club to fritter
The night away at the game.

Harry Romaine.

THE TRAGEDY OF ELMTOP.

By Matthew White, Jr.

"NO tennis, no horseback, nothing to excite you."

Such were the parting words of Lorton Maynard's physician, when he sent him off to Elmtop for three months in order that the young lawyer might escape a complete breakdown. Maynard had been enormously successful in his practice, was extremely popular socially, and had in consequence burned the candle at both ends during the previous winter. By midsummer he narrowly escaped being snuffed out himself.

"Rest and a complete change of scene are the only things that will set you on your feet again," said Dr. Brierly. "You want to get completely away from your kind, from those who remind you of what your life is in its ordinary channels. I think I know just the place for you. The question is, will you go?"

"Yes, as you say my life depends upon it; though if I am driven to suicide from boredom, I fail to see what has been gained."

At Elmtop Maynard found board in the house of the village doctor, where the doors were locked at ten every night, and breakfast was eaten each morning at seven.

Maynard was a man of the world, city bred, and inclined to hold in contempt sentimental fancies for grass and flowers and birds. Nevertheless, he soon found himself becoming convinced that no grass was so green as that which grew in Elmtop, no flowers so fragrant as those that bloomed in the doctor's garden; no music sweeter than the songs of the birds that each morning woke him to a new day of existence in this quiet little town where he was happier than he had ever been before.

And if life was rose tinged for him,

what was it for her, whose whole horizon hitherto had been bounded by the affection of her father, and the sweet content that comes from duty done? Maynard had been taken captive on the very first night of his arrival, as she sat opposite him at table and poured the tea. In her daintiness, her freedom from all self consciousness or thought of her own attractiveness, there was for him all the charm of novelty. He could no more have helped showing his admiration for her in his eyes than he could have stopped breathing; and when he saw that instead of her being annoyed, she was as frankly pleased as a child, the conquest was complete.

That was the beginning. The days and weeks that followed were halcyon ones to each of them. Sometimes Maynard looked back upon his past life, and was amazed at himself. For his crop of wild oats had been no small one, and he had left off sowing it not so many years back. He was now nearer forty than thirty. "Quite time for me to settle down," he told himself.

He wondered what Claudine would think if she knew his past. Pure as the unsullied snow herself, he felt instinctively that she would be among those who stand out rigorously for the one standard of honor for men and women.

So the summer drifted on, bearing these two on the tide of love. And one August afternoon Maynard decided he would speak. The doctor had gone on a long ride to see a patient over the mountain. Claudine and Maynard were sitting under the trees behind the house.

"Claude," Maynard began, "shall you miss me after I go away next month?"

She looked up—the expression of her

eyes giving him an answer that made his heart beat fast.

"And I shall miss you, little one," he went on softly. "But why should it be necessary that either of us ever miss the other?"

"Do you mean——" faltered on her lips.

"I mean that I want you to be my wife. You know that I love you, that I would give my life for yours. Am I too old for you to trust your happiness to my keeping?"

"To whose keeping should I trust it but that of the man I love, Lorton?" she whispered.

Such a cozy tea as these two had together! It was the first time they had eaten alone. Maynard laughingly observed that they might almost imagine themselves married. Claudine laughed too, but suddenly grew grave.

"Lorton," she said, after a little hesitation, "will you mind if I speak about something sad? I would not do it, only it seems cruel in me to be so full of joy when there is such a memory in my life. And besides, I have always promised myself that if ever a man told me that he loved me, I would make him a sharer in my secret."

"Your secret, love!" exclaimed Maynard. "Surely you can have no secret."

They were sitting on the veranda in the moonlight. Maynard's arm was about her, her head on his shoulder, her eyes looking up into his as she told her story.

"You did not know that I once had a sister. She was older than I; she is dead—died of shame. We lived in the city then. Papa was struggling to get along, and Bess helped him. She was a clerk in one of the big stores, at one of the counters where men often came. And there was one who bought things he really did not need, just to purchase them from her; and one day he asked

her out to drive with him. And he sent her presents, and made promises which he never kept. And then she died. Oh, Lorton, the misery of it, the shame for us all! Papa's heart was broken, and he thanked Heaven that mama had not been spared to suffer this blow—this worse than death. And then we came up here to bury ourselves in the country.

"Now I have told you this, because I wanted you to know all about me, and because I thought that perhaps you would some day find the man, and make him suffer as he has made us. His name—or the name he gave Bess—was Laurence Morton."

A cry as of mortal agony escaped the lips that had been steadily growing paler as Maynard listened to a story he knew only too well. It needed not the mention of his own *nom de guerre* at the end to assure him that there could be no mistake—that he held in his arms the sister of the girl he had ruined.

"Lorton, what is it?" exclaimed Claudine, starting up. "Are you ill?"

By a powerful effort Maynard controlled himself.

"It is very strange," he said huskily. "I never knew it to happen before. It must——"

"Let me go for something for you. I will be back in a moment, dear."

As Claudine disappeared through the doorway, Maynard sprang off the piazza and strode swiftly down the road toward the bridge. The moonlight gleamed brightly on the foam crested water as it broke over the jagged rocks. Maynard paused for an instant, and raising his eyes to heaven, moaned:

"And just when my life is filled with true happiness! But death is better than a living lie. Oh, poor Claudine! I love you with all my heart, with all the strength of my life. My God comfort you and forgive you for ever having loved me!"



A SENTENCE OF OSTRACISM.

By Francis Lynde.

THERE was no doubt about the justice of the mild sentence of moral attainer which the good people of Denver had passed upon Harry Rayburn; but it certainly was an emphatic evidence of his industrious perseverance in wrong doing that he had succeeded in bringing himself into open disrepute in a community where the social freedom of pioneer days was as yet untempered by the manners of an older civilization. That the young broker richly merited his punishment will appear from Judge Tooley's statement of the case to a few friends who had accompanied him to the bar room of Charpiot's Hotel:

"As I was sayin', gentlemen, after makin' all due allowances for young blood and the progressive spirit of this free country, the fact remains that Harry Rayburn's rollin' 'em a little too high to come out square on a mill assay—ain't I right, Pete?"

The gentleman appealed to nodded approval. "That's what you are, judge. I say that when a man gets so that he can walk up to a bar an' take a drink alone, it's about time to put the bridle on him."

"That's a fact," assented a third, "and that ain't all of it—I saw Rayburn driving up and down Larimer Street with the Kennard woman, the other day. I made it my business to tell him what I thought of it, too."

"What did he say?" inquired the judge.

"Oh, he flared up and said it was his own affair; but when I went home, I told the girls they'd better drop him."

"I always thought he was a pretty square kind of a young fellow for a minin' broker," put in a quiet man who had taken a cigar in lieu of a drink. "In that deal with old Richter and the

Snow Flake—you recollect it, judge—he could a' beat the eyes out o' the old Dutchman, but he turned in and fought the syndicate, tooth and toe nail, when I know he was offered double commissions to come off."

"Oh, nobody's sayin' anything against his honesty," replied the judge. "He's square enough—it's his cussed dissipation that I can't sabe. What'll you have, gentlemen?"

Two years earlier, Rayburn had been a bit of flotsam on the restless sea of humanity that strewed its wreckage over the Colorado mountains during the Leadville excitement. A year of indifferent success as a prospector had sent him to Denver with a sufficient stock of experience to open a broker's office, and he had immediately thrown himself into the strenuous life and the self destructive excesses of the time and place with a zest which had eventually brought about the result already mentioned.

When the edict had gone forth, and the gossip of the street had published it, Jack Bates, attorney at law, and himself a sinner at large, sauntered into Rayburn's office to remonstrate.

"Harry, old man, you're getting yourself out of everybody's good books," he began. "Why don't you brace up?"

"Because I don't choose to."

"That's no reason at all. First thing you know, you'll be dropped like a hot nail. Why can't you be a little more modest about it?"

"For instance?"

"Well, say, when the spirit moves you to take the Kennard out for an airing, why won't a moonlight evening and the Golden Road answer the purpose as well as Larimer Street and the middle of the afternoon?"

Rayburn smiled and held out his cigar case to his adviser.

"Because they wouldn't, that's all. Much obliged to you, Jack, but you're wasting your time. I don't care to be respectably wicked, and I choose to go to the devil in my own way. Moreover, I'm not kicking because decent people see fit to drop me."

During this colloquy, Edward Burney, whose desk was next to Rayburn's, had apparently been absorbed in his work. When Jack Bates lit his cigar and left the office, he looked up quickly.

"I don't think you meant all that, Harry," he said. "If you did, I'm sorry for you."

Rayburn swung around in his chair and confronted the speaker.

"I think I meant it—as much as we mean anything. Why are you sorry?"

"Because I fancy I know you better than most people, and it's painful to see you making a deliberate shipwreck of yourself."

"That's all right from your point of view, Burney—you're on another line; you've a clean life behind you, an invalid father to take care of, and a sister who thinks you two are the only men on earth. In my case, it's different."

Edward Burney was correct in saying that he knew Rayburn better than most others. It was partly because he had many opportunities for observing the broker through the magnifying glass of business transactions, and partly for the reason that the lives of the two men were antipathetic enough to beget a friendship which was strong in respect on one side, and in sorrowful pity on the other.

The subject of Rayburn's perversity came up again that evening in the sitting room of the small house in Welton Street where the young engineer lived with his father and sister.

"I cannot understand why a man should deliberately throw himself away, as your friend seems to be doing," said the father, laying down his paper and looking over his spectacles at Edward, who had mentioned the occurrence at the office.

"There's a very strong motive of

some kind; Rayburn's not a man to take to dissipation for its own sake."

"Then you think he has had provocation?"

"He must have. I've observed him pretty closely, and there's an underlying streak of good metal in his character that crops out at times, in spite of his efforts to appear hard and cynical."

"Have you tried to help him?"

"Always, and in all ways but one—I've never asked him here."

Grace Burney came into the room in time to hear the latter part of this answer. "Never asked whom, Eddie?" she inquired.

"We were speaking of Harry Rayburn—may I bring him up some evening?"

"Why not? Your friends are always welcome."

"Ye—es, but——"

"But what, brother mine?" She sat upon a hassock at his feet and clasped her hands over his knee.

"Nothing that you'd quite understand. I'll bring him some day, if he'll come."

To the invitation, offered some days later, Rayburn returned a point blank refusal. "I'm not as bad as that, Burney," he said, and ended by going. That was the beginning; and as one falls under obligations to a man whom one tries to help, Burney clung faithfully to the broker, fighting the miasma of evil associations with the purer atmosphere of his home life. There were pleasant evenings at the piano, when Grace sang and Rayburn turned the music for her. There were thoughtful hours when the family gathered around the elder man's study table, and when the conversation was chiefly a dialogue between the master of the house and the guest, with the brother and sister as listeners. There were evenings when Rayburn told of his year in the mountains, relating, with the graphic vigor of a participant, the epic of that mad scramble for riches; and if the stories sometimes drifted into the substratum of pathos which underlies all human effort, there was the inspiration of a pretty face framed in soft masses of bright hair to account for it.

One evening they all ventured out to the theater. Rayburn went because he had to, and walked upon red hot plowshares all the way down to Sixteenth Street. Edward and his father went a step in advance, because the invalid needed the support of his son's arm. Rayburn had hot flashes and cold chills when he acquiesced in the arrangement and drew Grace's arm under his own. If the young girl found her companion silent and absent there was doubtless good reason for it, and when they turned into the lighted sidewalk of Sixteenth Street, she wondered why he scrutinized the face of every chance passer by as if he were determined to see behind the mask which it is the privilege of every human being to wear.

When a man is seeking for an affront, it seldom tarries. Rayburn's came while they were making their way through the crowded lobby of the theater, in the flippant remark of one vestibule lounge to another.

Rayburn looked aside quickly and identified the speaker. Then he touched Burney's shoulder. "Will you take your sister for a moment?" he asked, passing Grace forward to her brother's side. "Thank you," and he dropped back into the crowd, emerging again in front of the two loungers.

There was an eddy just here in the stream of humanity pressing forward to the box office, and Rayburn spoke pleasantly to the man behind him:

"May I ask you to give me just a little more space? Much obliged, that will do."

The punctuation of the grateful remark was a terrific blow full in the face of the offender. The man fell as if he were shot, and there was a little swirl of excitement in the eddy; when it subsided, Rayburn had disappeared.

Under similar conditions in a maturer civilization, the young broker might have expected a visit from a court officer while he was opening the mail at his office the next morning; but there were reasons other than those of environment why William Cade, familiarly known as "Cady" in the select and somewhat retired circle in which he moved, did

not prefer a charge against his assailant. One was the shy reluctance common to gentlemen of his guild about appearing in court even as a plaintiff, and another and weightier was that a point of etiquette had been raised by Rayburn's blow which was equivalent to the R. S. V. P. on a visiting card.

Between inventing a plausible excuse, which should be as far as possible from the truth, in answer to Burney's inquiries regarding his abrupt leave taking of the theater party, and watching the door for the appearance of the inevitable pistol in the hands of the punctilious Mr. Cade, Rayburn had a bad forenoon of it. Burney's proposal that they should go to luncheon together was the final jerk that snapped the thread of his equanimity.

"Not now, or at any other time," he replied roughly. "I'll tell you what it is, Burney, you've got to break off with me or you'll lose caste. I give you fair warning."

Burney looked troubled. "What has happened since last night?" he asked.

"Enough to make me understand that it will require more baseness than I've ever owned to, to induce me to continue my social relations with you and your family."

"Having said so much, you can hardly refuse to tell me more."

"If you will have it, then—sit down, you make me nervous with that monotonous march—a scoundrel standing in the lobby of the theater last night insulted your sister—do you hear that? It is what might have been expected when she trusted herself in public with a social pariah, and I ought to have shot myself before I allowed her to do it."

"What did you do when you left us?"

"I went back and beat his face in, and I've been looking for him to return the compliment with a forty four all the morning. It's God's goodness that she didn't hear what he said."

"Are you quite sure she didn't?" asked Burney quietly.

"Damnation, man, do you want to drive me quite mad? Isn't it bad enough as it stands, without any such infernal insinuations as that?"

"I had no such intentions. What I meant was that Grace is sensible enough to let such things lie at the door of the past. Her anxiety will not begin until she learns that trouble has come of it."

Rayburn frowned and tugged at his mustache.

"If I thought she cared—Burney, don't let this thing get to her; I'll go and ask the Cady's pardon, if there's no other way to stop the row."

"Is it necessary to do that?"

"I'm afraid it is—any way, I should do penance for giving his scurrilous tongue the license."

"And now you'll go to luncheon with me, won't you?"

"If I cared as much for you as you do for me, I shouldn't; I'm a bad lot, Burney—worse than you know anything about, and you'd better drop it."

Burney smiled and linked his arm affectionately in that of the broker.

"Put your verbs in the past tense and I'll believe anything you like," he said.

"In the mean time, let's go and eat."

True to his promise, Rayburn sought out Mr. William Cade for apologetic purposes, devoting a portion of the afternoon to that errand of humility. The broker approached the gambler with a cool daring that was worthy of a nobler object, and threatened to drive him out of town if he did not agree to let the matter drop then and there, extorting, in addition, a promise that there should be no talk about it. Cade acceded sullenly, in unwilling deference to the colder courage of the other; but Rayburn left him with the knowledge that he had only exchanged an open antagonist for a secret enemy.

Having thus made so large a concession to the peaceful proprieties, he rewarded himself by calling, in the evening, at the house in Welton Street. He was more embarrassed than he thought possible when he found that Edward and his father had gone out. Grace received him, and the conversation jolted unevenly until it reached the incident of the previous evening. Rayburn was a master of fence, and he exhausted himself in the effort to steer clear of the subject; but his companion was not to

be turned aside. At the end of his most brilliant digression, she asked, quite irrelevantly:

"Why did you leave us so abruptly last evening, Mr. Rayburn?"

Since the subject could be no longer avoided, he plunged into it frankly.

"I'm going to ask you to withdraw that question," he said.

"What for?"

"Because I can't tell you the truth, and I don't equivocate—with you."

She looked up archly.

"That is refreshing; well, I withdraw it, with the provision that I may be allowed to account for your disappearance in my own way."

"I accept the condition. You can't think worse of me than I deserve."

"Who can say what one deserves?"

He smiled cynically.

"Everybody pretends to, and fitness doesn't seem to cut much of a figure. After all, though, I shouldn't rail; I have merited every ill thing that's ever been said of me."

An oppressive little silence followed this remark, and then Grace said thoughtfully: "That is the same as saying that you have been very wicked, isn't it?"

"It's just that."

"Why have you been wicked?"

"There is no reasonable answer to that question, because there is no excuse for deliberate sin. Provocation there may be, but it's a fatal weakness to yield to it."

"Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell; it's just the old story of a man's treachery and a woman's perfidy. I was going to marry her, but my friend forestalled me, and then I went into moral bankruptcy." Grace did not reply, and Rayburn resumed: "That was the beginning; after a little, the man who plunges into dissipation resembles the Malay who has run amuck without getting himself killed in the process. Satiety brings regret, and there is no hope of going back to such blessed things as self respect and honor and domesticity." His tone was an eloquent plea for contradiction, but it did not come.

Grace arose and went to the window, parting the curtains to look out into the night.

"I suppose you are right; and then there is the dreadful memory of the dead and dying by the wayside."

She spoke softly, and with averted face, meaning to say more, but her father and Edward came in, and there was no opportunity.

Rayburn left early and went down town in a perturbed and uncomfortable frame of mind.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, cutting viciously with his stick at the overhanging boughs of the cottonwoods as he swung along; "she knows no degrees of dissipation—how should she?—and she's gone off with the idea that I've been worse than a heathen! 'The dead and dying by the wayside'—pitiful Moses! that means the wrecks that I'm supposed to have scattered along the road! I wish I could hire somebody to club me for having used that fool simile about the Malay and his creese. Now how am I ever going to explain that the villain of her imagining is as much worse than I've ever been, as I am worse than her brother?" And then a small emollient came, like a drop of oil upon troubled waters: "After all, she did not sit in judgment, with all that ghastly misapprehension; she was kind and gentle, and there were tears in her voice when she stood at the window. I wish I could have had another half hour—hello! I beg your pardon."

He had turned abruptly into the hallway of the building in which he roomed, and had almost fallen over the figure of a woman crouched upon the lowest step of the stairs. She made no reply to his apology, and by the uncertain light of the street lamp opposite, Rayburn could see that she was sobbing.

"What's the matter with you? Can I help you?"

The woman looked up at the kindly tone, and Rayburn saw a child's face stamped with the senility of sin and disease. "I reckon nobody can help me—I'm turned out to die, that's all."

"Who turned you out?"

"Bill Cade. He ain't got no more

use for me 'cause I'm sick an' played out, so he fired me."

The voice was dry and harsh, and there was fever in the dull eyes.

While Rayburn stood in a moment's perplexity, trying to determine what could be done, a shadow passed the street opening, and Rayburn felt rather than saw that it stopped and then went on. His indecision was brief. The woman was sick, and there was one place in Denver where such as she could have shelter and care. He took out his notebook, and hastily writing a few words on a leaf, tore it out and gave it to the woman.

"Just hang on to that—it'll get you in when you get there. Can you walk?"

The woman took the paper, and essaying to rise, fell back helplessly.

"Here, that won't do—let's try it again, and I'll help you;" he lifted her to her feet and steadied her. "Now, if you can creep along for a block or two till we can find a hack, you'll be all right; the Sisters 'll take care of you."

The sad little procession moved slowly up the street toward the Opera House, in front of which stood a line of carriages. Late passers by stared curiously at the spectacle of a well dressed man who was evidently sober, supporting a forlorn looking woman who was quite as evidently intoxicated; but Rayburn was too full of pity and indignation to care for appearances. When they were nearly up to the first of the carriages, he saw a man and a woman approaching from the opposite direction. He did not look up until they were passing, and then he almost dropped his helpless burden when he saw that it was Edward Burney and his sister. There was no sign of recognition on either side, but the indignation in Edward's glance and the sorrowful pity in the eyes of the young girl were not to be misunderstood.

Rayburn put his charge into the carriage and gave the driver a double fee. "Take her to the Sisters' Hospital," he said, "and be quick about it; there's no time to lose."

The man whipped up his horses, and left Rayburn standing on the curbstone.

His first impulse was to follow Burney and Grace with the intention of explaining, but the second thought magnified the hopelessness of putting his simple statement against the evidence of appearances, and he decided to wait until he could appeal first to the brother.

Reaching this conclusion, he went slowly back toward his room. He was sad and preoccupied, and so did not notice that a shadow kept pace with his own to the entrance of the hallway. He turned sharply on the step at the sound of an ominous click behind him, realized, for an instant that the air was full of flame and noise, and then fell stumbling at the foot of the stairs.

Unconsciousness came to relieve the keen torture of the first few moments. When it passed, the anguish of the thought that he should die unassailed by the woman he loved kept it from returning. Nerved by a grim determination, he dragged himself on hands and knees up the stairs and across the upper hall to his room. There was a messenger call at the head of the bed, and he rang it twice before essaying to light the gas. The effort of reaching the high burner over the table sent the room whirling in dizzy circles around him, and a misty blur obscured his sight as he sank into a chair and grasped a pen. The note was brief, and it ended abruptly because of the failing light.

DEAR BURNEY:

Cade dropped me at the foot of the stairs just now, and I think I'm done for. It was on account of the woman he had driven into the streets to die. I was sending her to the Sisters when you met me. For God's sake make Grace understand this.

RAYBURN.

Five minutes later, a messenger boy entered the open door and started back in affright at what appeared to be a corpse sitting at the table with a note in its extended hand. The lad snatched the message and fled without looking behind him. With the echo of his footsteps in the empty corridor, Rayburn's stubborn resolution snapped like an overstrained bow, and he fell forward upon the table.

It is not wholly pleasurable to come back to life after a sojourn in the debat-

able land that lies between consciousness and death. Rayburn's first emotion upon opening his eyes in the semi darkness of a strange apartment was a feeling of regret at finding himself still on the hither side of the line which separates conscious suffering from whatever lies beyond it. The position of the bed did not admit a full view of the room, but the murmur of voices came to him from the invisible side, like the fanciful speech of a dream. There were two of them, and the softer was urgent and pleading.

"Why don't you tell me?—anything is better than suspense."

"I have told you, Grace; you know doctors never talk much about a critical case."

"But I want to know his very words."

There was a pause, and then again the voice of the man:

"He said there was little hope—that unless he becomes conscious within the next twelve hours, his wonderful vitality would lose the fight."

"Oh, Edward!"

The man's tone was grave and comforting: "Poor little sister; I didn't know it meant so much to you."

"Nobody knew—and now he'll die without knowing."

Rayburn's lips framed an inarticulate thanksgiving that this was one of the blessings not to be withheld. While his eyes were closed he heard a door shut softly, and the rustle of a woman's garments came across the room and stopped at his bedside. When he ventured to look again, he saw that she was kneeling with her face hidden in the bed clothes. The sight was healing, and there was a trace of the old light heartedness in his voice as he said feebly:

"No, he won't die without knowing it—he won't die at all if he can help it; there's too much to live for."

The girl did not raise her head, but her hand sought and found his on the coverlet. Then she asked shyly:

"Is there any room in your heart for me, Harry?"

"It's swept and garnished, dear; and any way, I think the other occupant was only wounded vanity."

FAVORITES OF THE PARIS STAGE.

A continuation of last month's series of sketches of the foremost figures of the French theatrical world—Febvre, Dupuis, Daubray, Simmonnet, Magnier, Yvette Guilbert, and others.

By Arthur Hornblow.

FEW actors on the Paris stage hold as enviable a place in the public esteem as Alexandre Frédéric Febvre, who has been a member of the Théâtre Français company since 1866.

M. Febvre was born in Paris in 1835, and like many other actors who owe their success to their own efforts, he did not have the advantage of the Conservatoire training. His first débuts were



Mlle. de Merode.

made with a small stock company at Havre, where he appeared in such parts as the title rôles in "Daniel Lambert," "Le Testament de César Giradot," etc. His acting in these parts was sufficiently good to attract the notice of a Paris manager. In 1861 he appeared at the Vaudeville, in Paris, in "Nos Intimes" and "La Famille Benoiton," and five years later he entered the portals of the first theater in the world.

Febvre's greatest hit was as *Friend Fritz* in Erckmann-Chatrian's well known play of that name. He also



José Dupuis.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

made a notable success in Augier's great play "L'Etrangère." He is seen at his best in modern plays, and he appears in the cast of every important production made at the Français.

M. Febvre was decorated in 1887 as vice president of the Société de Bienfaisance in London. He is also a literary man, having written a volume of reminiscences entitled "Aux Bords de la Seine."

Two other actors dear to the Paris public and valuable to the stage are Dupuis and Daubray, both comedians of remarkable talent.

José Dupuis has been identified with



Alexandre Febvre.

From a photograph by Van Boeck, Paris.



M. de Feraudy.

From a photograph by Chalot, Paris.



Lucy Gérard.

From a photograph by Routlinger, Paris.

all the great Offenbach successes in Paris. He is one of the most gifted comic actors the Paris stage has ever had. Not to smile with Dupuis is a physical impossibility. He was born at Liège in 1836. He, too, is a self taught actor, and he struggled for many years before his talent brought him fame and money. He has been a member of the Théâtre des Variétés for thirty years, and has been successful in everything he has touched.

The life story of Michel Daubray, the inimitable comedian of the Théâtre du Palais Royal, reads like a romance, but

it only goes to show how long real talent can remain undiscovered. He was born at Nantes in 1837. His parents were wretchedly poor innkeepers, and the childhood of the future actor was exceedingly unhappy. Often he entreated the charity of passers by for means to satisfy his hunger. His father used to turn him out to beg, and beat him if he came home empty handed.

But good fortune favored Michel. The actor Ducquesnoy took a fancy to the lad, had him sent to school, and when he was eighteen, applied for his admission to the Conservatoire. But the Con-



Michel Daubray.

From a photograph by Chabot, Paris.

servatoire would not have him, and Daubray joined a company of strolling players, appearing in the Paris suburbs in "Les Plaideurs" and other classics. But there was little fame and less pay in this, and in the first months Daubray was driven almost to desperation. One day he fell in a dead faint on the street, so long had he been without food. He was picked up and sent to the Lariboisière Hospital, where he stayed several weeks.

On his discharge he again sought a position in one of the theaters, and at last his opportunity came. Called to substitute an actor who was sick at the Théâtre des Batignolles—a fifth class house—he made a great hit. Yet even then the managers of the large theaters

did not see Daubray's value. Mortified at his apparent failure in Paris he went to Brussels, where his acting was remarked by Offenbach. The composer soon decided that he could find no better interpreter for a part in his new opera, "Madame L'Archiduc," than Daubray, and he finally persuaded the actor to return to Paris. He was engaged at once at the Palais Royal, where he has remained ever since.

M. de Feraudy is a prominent member of the House of Molière, and appears in almost all the plays of its repertoire. He is a favorite with the public, and a conscientious, painstaking actor.

To return to the women who grace



Mlle. Lamart.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

the Paris stage, I must mention one who, although now retired, is still remembered by Parisian theater goers as one of their favorites of yesterday. The public of the French capital is fickle, and dethrones its idols easily. In the case of Mlle. Croizette, however, it can be truthfully chronicled that she maintained her wonderful popularity with the Parisians until she, of her own volition, retired from the boards and married Antony Stern, the American banker.

Her career on the stage was extraordinarily brilliant. Born in 1847 of Russian parents in St. Petersburg, she gave evidence of remarkable stage gifts while still an infant. Her father, who was a playwright, was opposed to her becoming an actress, and educated her as a governess. But her inherent fondness for the theater could



Mlle. Baretty.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.



Mlle. Kruger.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

not be stifled, and finally she entered the Conservatoire, where she studied under Bressant. She went to the Français in 1869, and became a *sociétaire* in 1873. She appeared in all the important productions of that period, making a memorable sensation by her acting in Octave Feuillet's play "Le Sphinx."

Perhaps the best known actress at the Théâtre du Gymnase is Marie Magnier. Her history has been full of incident. For instance, it is said that the Duc de Castries, absolutely the slave of her charms, one day gave her a hundred thousand francs, the value of the Grand Prix at Longchamps, which had been won by one of his horses.

Mlle. Magnier has appeared in all the parts created by Jane Hading, and when Mme. Hading left the Gymnase Magnier took her place. Her greatest success was in "L'Abbé Constantin."



Mlle. Dumenil.

From a photograph by Van Boeck, Paris.

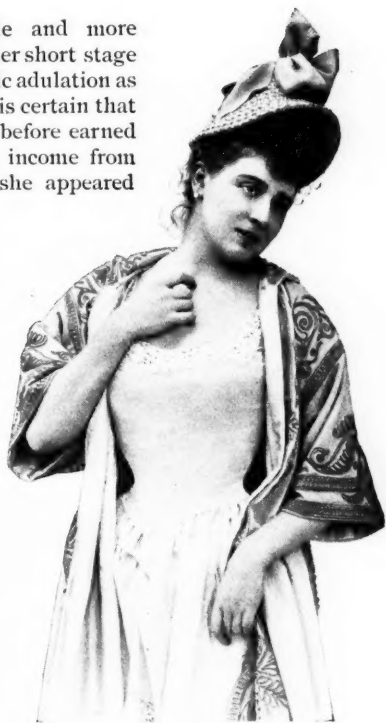
Mlles. de Marsy and Darlaud, also belonging to the Gymnase company, are sisters, and it would be a difficult matter to determine which of the two is the better looking, which the better comédienne. Mlle. de Marsy has barely entered upon her twenty second year. She is a clever and sympathetic actress, and a very popular one.

Mlle. Simmonnet is a prominent figure in the Paris musical world. She is one of the best *Mignons* that have ever sung the part. She has personal beauty com-

bined with a remarkable voice, and Ambroise Thomas, the composer of the opera, has always said she is his ideal *Mignon*. On that memorable night seven years ago, when the Opéra Comique was destroyed by fire, "*Mignon*" was the opera in course of performance, and Mlle. Simmonnet was enacting the title rôle. She was about to begin her Bohemian dance when the scenery caught fire, and she was only saved through the bravery of the tenor Delaquerrière, who bore her to safety.

Yvette Guilbert belongs to the humble and more Bohemian world of the *café chantant*, but in her short stage career she has probably received as much public adulation as any woman that ever trod the boards. And it is certain that no woman, and for that matter no man, ever before earned so much money on the variety stage. Her income from the three different *cafés chantants* at which she appeared last season did not fall below nine thousand dollars a month, each music hall paying her five hundred francs a night.

Mlle. Guilbert's life story is most romantic. Only a very few years ago she lived with her mother in a dirty little shop somewhere in the Latin quarter. The father was dead, and the widow and the young girl could hardly keep life and soul together. To help make both ends meet, Yvette, who had a young and superb figure, went among the artists and posed nude for a few francs a week. Then she fell in love with the painter who employed her, and when he showed her he had tired of her it broke



Mlle. de Marsy.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.



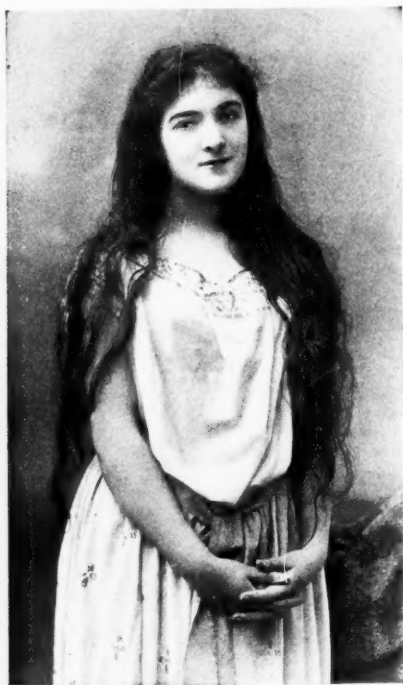
Mlle. Simmonnet.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

her heart. From that day on she became a man hater.

She now turned her attention to the stage, tried to find employment as a chorus girl, and did not succeed. She finally obtained a position in the ballet at the Nouveautés, but at the end of the week was discharged for incompetency. Discouraged, but not conquered, and rendered desperate by hunger, she applied to the manager of the Alcazar, and told him she thought she could entertain the audience by her own characteristic songs. Half out of pity, half out of a desire to get rid of her quickly, the manager consented to give her a trial, and her début on the boards of the Alcazar took place July 20, 1890. The next day the manager woke up to find he had discovered a wonder. All Paris was ringing with the praise of Yvette Guilbert.

From that point it was all easy sailing. The Alcazar was crowded night



Mlle. Sanlavelle.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

after night, the audience shouted themselves hoarse with encores, poets dedicated verses to the new divinity, managers wrote offering her extravagant terms. In short, the French capital was Yvette Guilbert mad. And why? Because a young woman, with no claim to beauty, and with very little voice, happened to sing topical and *fin de siècle* songs in a manner entirely new.

The little dirty shop in the Latin quarter was abandoned long ago, and Mlle. Guilbert now lives in a residence of her own near the Gare St. Lazare. Several American managers have offered her large sums of money if she would come to this country, and it is not unlikely that she may be seen here before long. She speaks English fairly well, and is entirely self taught.

Another woman who made a

sensation in Europe, and who is to appear here next fall, is Mlle. Martens. She won the prize in an Austrian beauty contest three or four years ago, and went on the stage as a natural sequence of the advertising she received on that occasion. She has appeared in all the European capitals. Her specialty is horse back riding, or the *haute école*.

Mlle. d'Alençon, of whom there has been much talk in Paris of late, is chiefly celebrated for her pearl necklace, said to be worth a million francs, and which was a gift from the Duc d'Uzes. Her specialty is an exhibition of trained rabbits with which she performs at the Folies-Bergères.

To return to the stage proper, I must mention Mlles. Kruger and Schreil of Théâtre des Ménus Plaisirs, who are beautiful and popular actresses. Lucy Gerard, of the Gymnase, is also a great favorite. She plays, by preference, pathetic rôles.

Mlle. Baretty will be remembered as having appeared in New York, first with Sarah Bernhardt six years ago, and



Mlle. Montchamont.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



Mlle. Deroche.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

quite recently with M. Coquelin. She is an intimate friend of the Coquelins.

Mlle. Lamart has played at several of the Paris theaters, and is a great favorite among the young leading ladies. Mlle. Sanlavelle is an operetta star, and is considered one of the most beautiful women in Paris. She has been a member of the Opéra Comique Company for several years.

Mlle. de Merode, whose face is her fortune, can hardly be called an actress,

although she has appeared at a number of private entertainments. She is independently rich, and seeks only glory behind the foot lights.

Among the actresses of the Théâtre Français none is more popular than Blanche Pierson. At one time, and not so very long ago, Mlle. Pierson was considered the most beautiful woman on the French stage. She is no longer young, but even now—with the aid of cosmetics—she can keep up, for stage

purposes, the illusion of what she once was in reality. Pierson is not a vain woman, and nothing vexes her so much as to allude to her good looks. There used to be in Paris a romantic organization called "The Blondes Club." Its members swore to devote their attention to blonde women only, and Blanche Pierson was elected their queen.

Of her impersonation of Dumas' heroine *Camille*, Francisque Sarcey wrote: "Mlle. Pierson played the part as it was never played before; with truer feeling and nearer to the author's idea."



Mlle. Martens.

From a photograph by Chalot, Paris.



Yvette Guilbert.

From a photograph by Ladrey, Paris.

Madame de Broisat is another member of the Français company. Her style of beauty is cold and severe, and fits a costume part. Powdered hair and pompadour dresses suit her admirably; even her voice seems to be hardly of our time. She is an exceedingly talented actress, and plays all the classic mother rôles.

Marthe Brandes, one of the most gifted among the younger actresses, joined the Français in 1887, making her début in Dumas' play "Francillon." She won the first prize for comedy in 1884, and Worms and Guillemot have always declared her to be the most remarkable pupil they ever had. She is strikingly beautiful, and has a grave and singular expression in her eyes which fascinates the observer. Not very long ago Mlle. Brandes created the part of *Hedda Gabler*, in Ibsen's play, at the Vaudeville.

Certainly no article on the present subject could be complete without mention of those two remarkable women who have done so much to spread the fame of French acting beyond the limits of

their country. I refer to the two leading tragediennes of France—Aimée Teissandier and Sarah Bernhardt.

The name of Mme. Teissandier is not

own name. Thanks, however, to her indomitable energy and intelligence, she surmounted the obstacles that lay in her path, and at twenty two made her



Mlle. d'Alençon.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

very familiar on this side of the Atlantic, but in Europe her talent has ranked her next to Bernhardt. She was unquestionably born for the theatrical vocation. Her youth was very unhappy, and her early education so neglected that at the age of twenty she could not write her

début at Bordeaux in "Brebis de Panurge." From there she went to Brussels, thence to Cairo, and finally to Dieppe, where she played *Camille*. The younger Dumas happened to be present one night at the performance, and he was so pleased that he procured for the ac-



Sophie Croizette.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

ress a position at the Théâtre du Gymnase, in Paris. Since then her name has become famous, and she has appeared in every tragic rôle in the repertoire.

Of that other wonderful woman—Sarah Bernhardt—what can be said that has not been repeated a thousand times? Probably no actress in any country is so universally known. In some interesting pages of personal reminiscences, Mme. Bernhardt tells how she came to go on the stage. "A family council was assembled," she writes. "It consisted of my mother, my aunt, my godfather, and an old

friend of the family. My own wishes were consulted, and I said timidly that I thought I should like to be a painter, against which audacious proposal every one protested energetically.

"Well, make an actress of her," put in the family friend.

"An actress! She's as ugly as she can be," said my godfather kindly.

"Ugly!" cried my mother, up in arms at this insult to her maternal pride. 'My daughter ugly? You are mad, man! She is charming with that wild air of hers. Look at her eyes; aren't they superb? Ugly! You are crazy, my dear sir.' And wounded in her feelings, my mother marched up



Mlle. Schreil.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

and down the room, till my future vocation was decided."

Bernhardt has been before the theater going public of Paris for more than thirty years, her début having been made at the Théâtre Français in 1862, as a minor character in Racine's "Iphigenie." Before that she had been a brilliantly successful pupil at the Conservatoire, where she won prizes both in tragedy and in comedy. Nevertheless, her first appearances attracted no attention, and gave no earnest of her future fame. She left the Français, became a chorus girl at the Porte St. Martin, and then found a



Marie Magnier.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



Mlle. Dufrene.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

place at the Odéon, where she gradually worked her way from minor parts to important ones, finally scoring a great hit as *Marie de Neuborg* in "Ruy Blas."

Her later career is a matter of history. An outline of it, with portraits of the actress in different characters, was given in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for October, 1892. Today it may be said that she belongs rather to the world than to Paris. Indeed, her own city, of which she was for ten or fifteen years the most admired, discussed, and imitated citizen, seems to have grown more or less cold in its devotion. When she went back to it last winter after a long tour through

both hemispheres, it failed to greet her with old time enthusiasm. It complained that in playing to foreign audiences, who only half understood her, she had learned to become slack and indifferent. It complained that her *Phédre* and her *Camille* were less finished and less instinct with vital force than of yore. Even the success of her latest play—Armand Sylvestre's strange, pathetic romance of "Izeyl"—did not fully restore her to her pedestal.

With the addition of the names of Mlles. Dumenil, Deroche, Dufrene, Montchamont, Bartet, and Ludwig, I think I have mentioned the principal favorites on the Paris stage of today.

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

One of the greatest and most characteristic of American industries, and the strange phases of life that are its setting—The story of the log, from tree to sawmill.

By George Austin Woodward.

THE lumber business is one of vast enterprise, and its branches are numerous. Perhaps its most interesting feature begins and ends with the history of the saw log.

Lumber camp life is by no means a desirable existence. Not only is it a dull routine of toil, but oftentimes it involves great hardship, while its pleasures are few and far between. A lake captain, who in his younger days spent several years in the woods, one day remarked to the writer that if he had his

choice between spending three months in a lumber camp and the same amount of time in jail, he would unhesitatingly choose the latter.

Of the two great essentials of camp life—good food and cleanliness—the former prevails in the lumber camps almost without exception, but the latter, in the strict sense of the word, is nearly unknown. A third essential—a good fiddler—might be added, for the boys enjoy nothing better than a few songs and a good dance before “turning in”



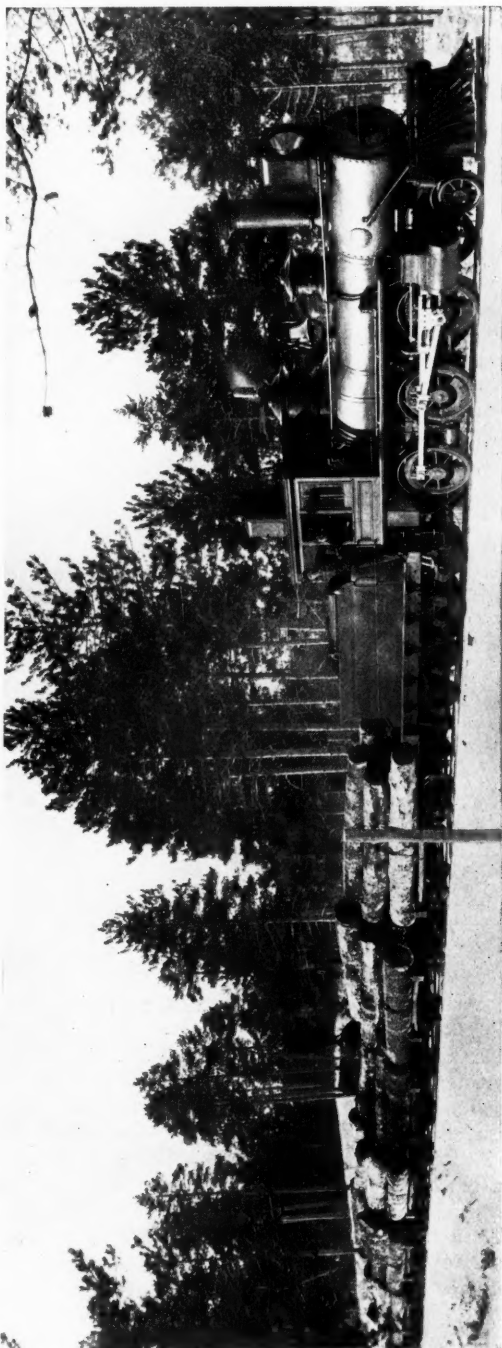
At Work in the Woods—Sawing and Skidding.

at night. Troubles and trials—and they have many—are forgotten; and when at last the “glim is doused,” they go to bed with lighter and more cheerful hearts.

A camp usually consists of five buildings. The style of architecture is simple in the extreme, and strongly suggestive of puritanical origin. Long pieces of timber, neatly fitted together, constitute the body of each structure, the intervening chinks being filled with sticks and plastered with mortar. Boards about an inch in thickness, covered with tar paper, are used in the construction of the roof and gable ends. Light enters the building through two small windows—one at each end—and ventilation is afforded by means of funnels placed in the roof.

First in order of importance comes the “cook camp,” which has two compartments—a kitchen and a dining room. Next to this is the “men’s camp,” where the men sleep and spend the greater portion of their time when not at work. This consists of one large compartment. Two rows of bunks, one above the other, extend along its sides; each bunk is designed to accommodate two men. A long stationary bench is built on the front side of the lower bunks, and affords sufficient room to enable all to be seated at once. The sleeping capacity of a single camp is seldom sufficient for less than fifty, and not often for more than a hundred men. When the latter limit is exceeded, two sleeping camps are generally provided.

The “van,” or “office” as it is sometimes termed, is



A Lumber Railroad in Michigan.

usually occupied by the scaler. It is a sort of store, in which is kept a full line of lumbermen's supplies—clothing, boots, rubbers, tobacco, medicines, and all such articles as the men are likely to need or call for. They are charged for

The conception which the average mind entertains with regard to the woodsman is anything but a favorable one, especially from a moral point of view. From time to time the press has come forth with startling accounts of



Taking Out a Load of Logs.

what they choose to purchase, and when the time arrives for "settling up" their van bill is deducted from the amount they would otherwise receive. The quantity of goods that are sold in a single season is anything but slight, and a handsome profit is the result.

As a rule, the foreman is a married man, in which case his family often occupies a small dwelling in close proximity to the rest of the camp. Two more buildings—a commodious barn and a blacksmith shop—complete the list and require no description.

direful crimes perpetrated in the lumbering regions. Many of these stories have been true, beyond a doubt; but there have been numerous cases of great exaggeration, not to say falsehood.

It is a fact, however, that some of the most desperate characters, men without conscience or mercy, the very scum of humanity, are to be found in the woods, where they have gone to evade the law. It was ascertained not long since, in a single camp, that no less than ten of its inmates had served their term in prison.

As a rule, the men are foreigners. Polanders and French Canadians seem to be the most numerous; the former a quiet and economical race, the latter boisterous and spendthrift. Swedes, Danes, Belgians, Irishmen, and Germans, are also quite numerous. Italians seldom if ever engage in this business, seeming to prefer railroading and mining.

Camp customs, while many and varied, are not so strictly observed as they were a few years ago. In some camps, in the evening, singing, dancing, and rough games are kept up until a late hour. It is an amusing sight—a couple of sets of great, clumsy men dancing the quadrille or “stag dance,” and keeping time to the “tweedledee” of an old, squeaky fiddle, apparently having as good a time as if they possessed every advantage of the modern ball room. Hazing, which was a common practice a few years ago, is no longer tolerated to the extent it once was. Formerly all newcomers must either sing a song or buy a pound of tobacco—a rule which, I am told, kept the crowd well supplied with that luxury. Strangers were often subjected to a good deal of ill treatment. A common practice was for six or eight men to seize another and toss him up in a blanket. Stealing was practised to such an extent that socks were stolen from the feet of sleeping men.

“Jumpers,” or “jumping Frenchmen,” are a peculiar class of people to be found in the timber camps along the northern border of Maine and in many of the Michigan camps, especially those nearest the Canadian boundary. The strange stories that were told concerning them were looked upon as idle tales until their accuracy was substantiated by scientific investigations—by the late Dr. George M. Beard of New York, and by Dr. J. B. Thornton, of the United States Marine service. A jumper is a man of very nervous temperament. If startled by a loud noise he utters a yell and leaps into the air, throwing his arms about in an excited manner. A command, no matter how absurd, is instantly obeyed; he almost invariably repeats the command while carrying it

out. He will jump or dance, drop whatever he may have in his hand, or throw it in any direction that may be indicated; repeat intuitively a short sentence or any combination of sounds; jump into a river, or even grasp a red hot stove, if suddenly commanded to do so.

Dr. Beard tested the jumpers' powers of repetition by giving them Latin and uncommon English words, which were as readily repeated as if understood. Fit subjects for the mesmerist, they greatly dread to be trifled with, but their unfortunate organization places them at the mercy of their companions, who are not slow to take advantage of their weakness. The majority of jumpers are French Canadians; but the most pronounced case I ever knew was that of a Pole. When once acquired, the condition is seldom outgrown, and never ceases to be a source of great annoyance to the end of life. It is curious to note that women, though oftener subject to diseases of the nervous system than men, are seldom jumpers.

Not long since, at a hotel in a small town of northern Michigan, the guests had repaired to the dining room for their midday meal. Seated at one of the tables was a jumper, surrounded by several of his rustic companions. While the meal was in process, one of the waiter girls had occasion to reach over the shoulder of the unfortunate jumper in order to place a dish upon the table.

“Grab her!” whispered a mischievous fellow, who sat next to him.

The next instant the bashful jumper's arms were clasped about the waist of the girl in a deathlike embrace. The scene which followed may be left to the imagination of the reader.

Vermin are one of the greatest pests of camp life, and their variety and abundance are astonishing. In most camps a plentiful supply of water, both hot and cold, together with soap and towels, is furnished. The floors are scrubbed on certain days, and tidiness is insisted upon as far as circumstances will allow. One camp which the writer knows has a laundry, set apart from the other buildings; a monthly fee of one dollar is charged for its use, and a

weekly change of garments is compulsory. On the other hand, at another camp things were in such a state of disorder that the dishes were washed but once a week.

"Spreeing" is the average woodsman's greatest weakness. Once let him get the taste of liquor, he never ceases to follow the guilty rounds of pleasure until his hard earned wages are squandered. Whisky and tobacco are the staff of life in a lumber camp, and although the men are closely watched, a great quantity of liquor is smuggled in.

Another peculiar specimen of local humanity is the "woods tramp"—a half alive creature, too lazy to work—who ekes out a miserable, nomadic existence. If he reaches a camp before dark, he conceals himself in the woods until the men have returned from work, and then applies to the foreman for a night's lodging, which is of course granted. And thus he wanders the year round from camp to camp. It is hard to see what makes such a life worth living.

Thus far the evil side only of the lives of these men has been depicted. They are rough almost without exception; yet they have kind hearts. Let a worthy comrade be in need, the hat is passed, and it is an easy matter to raise a hundred dollars or so. And profane and vulgar as most of the woodsmen are, they always manifest respect for a man who is free from these taints.

To those who are not used to the sight, a woodsman in the complete uniform of his craft is a ludicrous spectacle. His shirt and jacket are almost invariably made from a heavy woolen material called "mackinaw." As a general thing, his trousers do not differ from those worn by the city laborer, though a few wear full suits of mackinaw, in which garb a man looks very much as if he were walking about in his undergarments.

Life in the logging camps is fraught with many dangers. Falling trees and rolling logs have caused a long list of deaths; and it is on this account that the woodsman's outer garments are of the brightest colors, blue, green, red, and yellow being the most prominent.

The men are thereby able to see one another more distinctly through the thick underbrush, and by a timely warning to avert a great many dangers. It is not, therefore, as many suppose, a foolish eccentricity on their part to appear as "outlandish" as possible.

Their feet and legs are incased in long woolen socks, usually a bright red, which are drawn over the trousers, and reach a little below the knee. At first glance, especially at a distance, the wearer appears as if he had on knee breeches. Cloth overshoes or rubbers are worn on the feet, except in wet weather, when high top leather boots are worn. And now, donning his mackinaw, a "coat of many colors," and pulling his Scotch cap well over his ears, the woodsman shoulders his axe and sallies forth long before the morning stars have finished their song.

His personal property is kept in a canvas grain bag, which he calls his "turkey." Into this are promiscuously thrown all such articles as he does not wear or use. A piece of rope is attached to each end of the bag, and by placing it on his back and allowing the rope to pass over the shoulder and diagonally across the breast, he can carry his "turkey" for miles without fatigue.

The food, or "chuck," as it is called, is plain but wholesome. Camps differ so much in this respect that no general regimen can be given. The chief drinks are tea and water, but a few camps provide coffee. Salted meat is the usual rule; only a limited number of camps furnish fresh meat. The following list will give the reader a good idea as to the kind of food: Bread, butter, corn bread, crackers, potatoes, turnips, beans, rice, salted beef and pork, codfish, gingerbread, plain cake and cookies, doughnuts, bean soup, pea soup, rice soup, mince, apple, vinegar, prune and currant pies, bread pudding, pickles, prunes, pancakes with syrup, tea and sugar.

Iron knives and forks, tin dishes, plates, and spoons grace the board of the lumber chopper. China dishes are considered a nuisance, and as the cook one day remarked, "would only be

broken." The prevailing method of wiping the knives and forks is unique. Having been sufficiently washed, they are placed in a dry grain bag and thoroughly shaken. Then they are poured out upon the table, as clean and dry as the most scrupulous housewife could reasonably desire.

Etiquette is not the woodsman's forte. At the table scarcely a word is spoken, save some such expression as "Pass the butter, Bill!" or "Yank over a hunk o' that 'ar meat, Jim." The men are there to eat, and devote themselves to their task with a wonderful singleness of purpose.

A week seldom passes at a camp without a call from some peripatetic "agent." There are watch agents, insurance agents, hospital agents, tailors, photographers, and men who carry a sort of general store about with them. Usually the goods are displayed in the cook camp, but sometimes they are taken to the men's camp and spread out on benches for inspection.

Some salesmen make it a point to give a sort of variety show during the course of the evening. Songs are sung to the accompaniment of a banjo or guitar; jokes are cracked, and a general scene of merriment ensues. This, of course, draws a crowd, and the agent's sales are greatly stimulated. But the men have been defrauded so many times, and their incredulity and indignation aroused to such an extent, that only a select few enjoy their patronage.

The hospital system is an excellent one, and well worthy of the increasing prosperity it so richly deserves and enjoys. Upon receipt of five dollars a ticket is issued, its holder being entitled to surgical and medical attendance, nursing, and board at the hospital, in case of any accident or sickness with the exception of contagious diseases. Or, by describing his ailments in a letter, he can have medicines forwarded to him free of charge. The tickets are good for a year, and can be renewed at the time of expiration, providing the holder is in good health. Michigan has a number of these hospitals, but St. Mary's at Saginaw is considered the best. It is

non sectarian, and no distinction is made with regard to nationality.

Camps are usually organized during the summer or early in the fall. There is no fixed time, however, all depending on the amount of timber that is to be cut, and other circumstances. A suitable spot for locating the camp having been decided upon, tents are pitched, and the construction of the buildings is begun at once. In a week or ten days they are completed, and the work begins in earnest.

The men are divided into gangs—choppers, skidders, and sawyers. The choppers go in advance, cutting the roads as they proceed. The sawyers follow close in their wake. A sawing crew consists of three men—a chopper and two sawyers. The chopper, taking the lead, cuts niches in the trees on whatever side he wishes to fell them, and the sawyers, with their long, cross cut saw, cut them down. The chopper also severs the branches from the prostrate timber, and the sawyers cut it into logs, usually sixteen feet in length.

The skidders take up the rear. A skidding crew consists of seven men and a team—three "swampers," a teamster, and three "deckers." Two long pieces of timber are first laid about eight feet apart, parallel to each other, and at right angles with the road. This is called the "skidway," and its end comes within about six feet of the side of the road. The "swampers" trim the logs and make roads for the teamster by clearing away the thick underbrush. The teamster hauls the logs, and the deckers roll them into a pile varying from about four to ten feet high on the skidway.

To one who for the first time witnesses the falling of a forest giant the sight is striking, and the impression made is a lasting one. It is a story without words—a mere pantomime typical of the falling monarch, but none the less vivid, withal. There it stands, a tall, majestic pine.

Through all the storms of many a year
It proudly reared its head,
High o'er the ranks of kindred near,
Where forest sires lay dead.

But the fatal day comes at last, and

the keen bladed axe of the woodsman is laid to its roots. It becomes weaker and weaker; it has begun to totter; now it poises between earth and sky. Its descent has begun, but so slowly at first that its motion is scarcely perceptible. First slowly, then faster, faster, faster, until the wind fairly whistles through its outspread branches! It is the wail of the lost. At last, with a terrible crash, it strikes the earth to rise no more!

The advent of snow marks a new epoch in the history of camp work, and one that is much dreaded by the experienced woodsman; for the hours of labor are now decidedly increased. During the summer and fall his hours are regulated by rule, but in "hauling time" all is uncertainty. The work is mapped out by the foreman; each day has its stint, which must be performed regardless of every drawback.

Spring comes at last with its thaws and rains. The roads become spoiled, and the ice breaks up in the streams. By degrees the water slowly rises, and soon the logs begin to float. And now camp "breaks up," unless there is a large quantity of timber to be cut for the next season. Some go home (if they are

lucky enough to have a home); others repair to the nearest town to squander their hard earned "stake" in revelry. But the more industrious class join the "river crew"—a gang of men employed to drive the logs down the streams to the saw mills. This usually takes all summer, and sometimes lasts until late in the fall; so when the river crew disbands, its members return to camp.

Success or failure in lumbering depends largely upon the weather. A fair amount of snow and a low temperature are essential to the making of good roads. Sprinklers—large tanks holding from fifty to seventy five barrels of water—are brought into use at every favorable opportunity. As soon as the day's work is at end, the sprinklers are started out, and all through the long, cold night they scatter their contents over the driveways. Such is the result that the roads might well be coveted by the proprietor of a toboggan slide.

The introduction of the railroad in lumbering—an innovation of late years—has proved highly satisfactory in its results; the work is not only facilitated, but it is carried on the year round, for the lack of snow no longer constitutes a hindrance.

THE DRYADS.

ALL the birches are aflutter
With the songs the breezes utter—
Tender love songs, breathed so low,
None can catch the ardent fashion
Of their wooing, of their passion,
Save the ears for which they blow—

Save the birches fair and slender,
Fair white ladies gay and tender,
Sweet white ladies of the wood.
They have caught the words that hover
On the lips of their light lover;
They have heard, and understood.

So they tremble, the shy birches:
But the pines for whom there searches
No fond zephyr light and gay,
Stand in silence, sad with yearning
For the love which, undiscerning,
Turns to fairer loves than they.

Cornelia Kane Rathbone.

CORONA OF THE NANTAHALAS.*

By Louis Pendleton.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

EDWARD DARNELL, a botanist by profession, who has sought the higher altitudes of the Nantahala mountains for the purpose of studying the flora of that region, encamps near Gideon McLeod's place in an unfrequented spot known as Lonely Cove. He has been informed of the presence of a mysterious girl at the McLeods—a rarely beautiful creature who dresses as did the ancient Greeks—by a journalistic acquaintance, Henry Summerfield, who visited Lonely Cove the previous year. Perhaps a certain mild curiosity to meet this modern dryad partially influenced Darnell in his selection of a field for his botanical researches.

The girl's life story is a strange one. While traversing the mountains one day, Gideon McLeod came upon a madman who had shot his horse, and was in the act of slaying a tiny babe he had with him when the mountaineer's unerring rifle arrested his murderous intentions. The child was never claimed, and the McLeods brought her up. The only real schooling she ever obtained was from a schoolmaster who spent two summer vacations in the Nantahalas, and who, when he died, left Corona his little library, consisting mostly of translations from the Greek and Latin classics.

Far removed from the outside world, the girl grew up absolutely ignorant of it, feeding her mind on classic lore, and supposing the conditions described in her books to exist at the present time. Her garments she fashioned after illustrations in her treasured volumes. Her only companion before the advent of Henry Summerfield was the mountaineer's son Dan, a deaf mute, with whom she roamed the forests and mountains—which she called by such names as Parnassus and Helicon—ever expecting that the nymphs and dryads of whom she had read might reveal themselves to her.

The coming of the young journalist was a distinct revelation to Corona, and she became greatly interested in what he told her of the outside world. Her interest naturally extended to the stranger himself. When Summerfield returned to the city, Corona for the first time felt a sense of loneliness.

Darnell meets the fair young girl, and there arises between them a friendship which on Darnell's part rapidly ripens into love. The deaf mute Dan usually accompanies Corona in her wanderings, but one day when Dan is busy she sets off alone. She meets Darnell, and the two stroll to the top of Mount Parnassus, where they linger awhile to talk of things that lie beyond their surroundings.

X.

AS Darnell and Corona stood on Parnassus' grass covered, treeless top, and looked far out upon an endless scene of mountain peaks and ridges crowding to the horizon in every quarter, some of them in shadow, some gleaming in the pale sunlight—all wooded, the nearer dark green, the distant milky blue, and none marked

by a single clearing or sign of a human habitation—as they gazed upon this indescribably grand and lonely prospect, the botanist's quick eye took note that clouds were gathering and drifting toward their own lofty point. Slowly the great aerial monsters swam toward them from the far horizon, becoming more and more clearly outlined as they drew near. Some were above, some on a level, and some below the top of Parnassus; all basked in a sea of sunshine from above, contrasting with the darker atmosphere below through which the rain fell fast as from great sieves. Enormous patches of shade in the deep valleys below imitated the uncertain movements of the great Protean creatures on high.

As the vast, ragged cloud bodies floated nearer, sudden flashes of lightning zigzagged from one to another, and a deafening roar of thunder reverberated through the mountains. The suggestion was of gigantic swimming monsters at war, each plunging a sword of flame into the breast of his adversary, and bellowing hoarsely and mightily when so served in turn. As the battle raged, the loosened rain descended upon the far valleys in torrents.

"We shall get wet," announced Darnell. "Those clouds will be here in less than fifteen minutes."

He turned to go, but Corona still gazed enrapt, loath to move. A second suggestion of retreat was made, somewhat more urgently, and then they hurried away on the downward track. They had scarcely entered the forest when the treeless top of the peak was enveloped in the higher vapors, and in a few minutes the whole upper half of the mountain was wrapped in the dense gray mist we call a cloud. Hurrying downward through this, they soon passed below the region of cloud land, where the rain no longer floated, but fell, and fell heavily.

They were now not far from the hollow tree where Atalanta had fallen a prey to the wolves, and it was decided to seek the shelter of that retreat. Corona led the way at

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a run, and they reached the place in time to escape a thorough drenching. There they were obliged to remain an hour or more, as the rain continued to fall steadily, accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning and a perceptible quaking of the mountain after each thunderous roar.

The hollow of the tulip was far from ample, and the refugees were necessarily brought into close contact. As they sat thus, while the storm raged without, Darnell was obliged to struggle hard to resist the oft recurring desire to put his arm around his companion. They were all alone on the wild, stormy mountain; each had only the other, and should be all the world to that other. How Darnell wished it were literally true that she had him only! Corona, on her part, felt now and then that she would like to rest her tired head on his shoulder, just as she would have done had Dan been at her side instead; he was such a dear, wise friend, had become so necessary to her, and she liked and trusted him so well.

"I wish you were my brother," she said innocently at last. "Then we could be together always."

"Don't say such things—it is too painful to listen to!" he rejoined quickly, and as she looked into his face she saw that he was deeply moved.

"What can you mean?" she asked in astonishment and concern.

"I mean that this is a strange world, where love wastes itself on every side, in vain. You love Summerfield, or think you do, and he will never love you. I love you, and you cannot love me. You want me to be your brother, and I want you to be my wife!"

"Oh, Edward!"

"It is true. I asked your uncle last week if I might become a suitor, and he agreed."

"I am very sorry," she said simply, a pained look on her face. "I can never love again."

Darnell started up suddenly. "I must get out of this," he said huskily, and stepped outside.

Fortunately the rain had now decreased to a drizzle. He stood in it waiting, bidding her remain where she was. A few minutes later she ventured out in spite of his protest. However, the drizzle was soon over now.

"I was never in love before, and it is hard to bear; but you need not be afraid of me," he said, with a ghastly smile.

"I shall never be afraid of you," she answered gently.

The subject was then dismissed. Calling him to look at the pile of stones over the grave of Atalanta, Corona told the story of that memorable day. And afterward, as they descended the mountain, he walked ahead in silence, carefully shaking the rain from the branches which must touch her.

XI.

CORONA did not visit the camp next day, but Darnell came to the McLeods' house as usual in the evening, and sat and smoked with her uncle on the porch. As he rose to go at nine o'clock, she rose, too, and accompanied him to the gate.

"If what you told me yesterday is—is true," she said, "perhaps we should see less of each other."

"Do you want to torture me?" he asked with such a fierceness of gloom that she was frightened.

"That is why—why I did not go today," she added gently, then said good night and turned toward the house.

Next morning, while out in the mountains looking after his sheep, Gideon McLeod had a fall and sprained his ankle so severely that, although he dragged himself home, he was confined to the house a week thereafter. At first he suffered much pain, and the two anxious women cared for him very tenderly. Thus Corona, who doubted the wisdom of going near Darnell, found an excuse for staying at home.

It was near noon of the third day after the accident that Jonathan Scruggs, Corona's persistent suitor, appeared at the gate and hailed her. His manner was excited, and his horse was wet with sweat and flecked with foam. Evidently he had ridden up from the lower valley in great haste.

Mrs. McLeod went out and invited him to "light," beginning at once to tell him of the accident to her husband. The visitor listened to the particulars with manifest signs of impatience. He was a well grown young man of twenty five, already a little inclined to be stout, whose excessively florid complexion was perhaps partly due to exposure, but more largely to vigorous health.

"I ain't got time to 'light,'" said he, looking behind him anxiously. "They'll be hyer turreckly. I hyeared 'em say thar to Wolf Creek that the revenue men and the sheriff aimed to 'rest Gid McLeod, and I rid up right off to tell you, so the old man 'ud have time to hide out."

"Rest him for what?" asked Mrs. McLeod, bewildered.

"Fur distillin' whisky."

"He ain't no distiller," declared his wife, indignant.

"Well, that's what they're after him fur, and I thought I ought to let you all know. Good by—I'm gone. They'll be hyer in ten minutes, and it won't do fur 'em to see me. It was all I could do to git hyer first."

"Thank you, Jonathan," called out Corona, who had come out on the porch and overheard everything. To gain favor with her had been the young mountaineer's main object in coming, and he now departed well satisfied with himself.

The two women hurried in and reported everything to the lame man. As it was impossible to go forth and hide himself in the mountains, Gideon McLeod decided to stay where he was, ordering the house shut up close in order to give the impression that nobody was at home. To Corona this seemed unwise, but she knew not what else to suggest. Before the door was closed, however, she took a horn out on the porch and blew three long blasts. Darnell had proposed that she should call him in this way if she should ever have need of him, and she felt sure he would be of use now.

When shut up, the house looked innocent enough, except in one particular—the smoke issuing from one of the chimneys. A fire burned in the room where the lame man lay, and this fact was overlooked in his calculations. Accordingly, when four horsemen shortly emerged from the woods and halted at the gate they were not deceived. After a careful survey of their surroundings, three of them dismounted and approached the house. One of these was the county sheriff, another a revenue collector. The former knocked loudly at the door, and after some moments of dead silence called out authoritatively:

"Open this hyer door! In the name of the law I summons Gideon McLeod to come out."

The majesty of the law was disregarded, for there was no response, and the only sound was that of the sheriff's loud knock as it went off echoing among the hills. After knocking and calling repeatedly, the angry representative of the law uttered an oath and shouted:

"Bring me the axe! They can't fool me."

Gideon McLeod leaped out of bed and reached for his gun, which stood in the corner of the room; but as he came down upon his lame foot his face was distorted with agony, and he fell groaning on the floor. Leaving Mrs. McLeod with him,

Corona disappeared along the passage leading to the back porch. Unfastening the door, she went out and shut it softly behind her. Then she walked round the house and faced the intruders.

"What do you want here?" she asked haughtily.

All eyes were riveted upon her, and admiration showed on every face. Corona had never been so angry in all her life. Her face was flushed, her eyes flashed, her breath came in short, quick gasps. They thought her beautiful beyond all the reports they had heard.

"We want Gid McLeod," said the sheriff, after dropping the axe just brought him and backing away from the door. "We got a warrant to arrest him for distillin' whisky."

"Are you the sheriff?" asked the girl.

"I am, mum."

"And you intend to arrest an innocent man?"

"We got the proofs, mum. A man was up hyer some time back and seen it goin' on."

"Which man was that?" demanded Corona, looking eagerly from one face to another. "Is there a man here who will dare tell me he saw it going on?" Again she looked from one to another, and every eye quailed before her.

"We got the proofs," repeated the sheriff uneasily.

"The man who says he saw whisky distilled here *lies*," spoke Corona, in low, distinct tones. "Were he sheriff, judge, or king, I would tell him to his face that he lies."

The three men stared at their accuser, dumfounded. There was now the sound of the opening of the gate. Corona glanced that way, saw Darnell, and ran to meet him eagerly.

"These wicked men," she said excitedly, "want to arrest my uncle and carry him away to jail."

She hurriedly told him of the warning brought by Scruggs, of her uncle's determination to shut up the house, of the arrival of the raiders, and of the assault upon the door. As soon as the situation was clearly before him Darnell advised her to go instantly and open every door and window, and tell her uncle not to be alarmed. Then he walked forward and spoke to the men.

"Surely you have made a mistake and come to the wrong place," he began mildly.

"No, we hain't," declared the sheriff. "Ef this warn't the place, what made 'em lock up that way and try to fool us?"

"They received warning of your approach and were badly frightened—that was all."

"Warning, eh? We knowed somebody rid up ahead of us. We seen the fresh tracks."

"There is no whisky distillery here," Darnell declared earnestly. "I have camped for seven weeks within half a mile of this house, and spent a great deal of my time here, and I have seen no signs of anything of the sort. You are on the wrong scent, and you will find it out."

They saw that they had to deal with an intelligent man of the world, and listened to him respectfully. The sheriff, who had heard of the "camping gentleman," and was not surprised to meet him, showed his warrant. The revenue collector also stepped forward, and unfolding a newspaper which he took from his pocket, he invited Darnell to look at the "proof." The latter saw at a glance that it was a copy of the paper with which Summerfield had a regular connection. He found that it contained a letter from the North Carolina mountains signed "Henry Summerfield," with such startling head lines as "On the Track of the Moonshiners," "How the Mountain Dew is Bought and Sold," "Our Correspondent Discovers an Illicit Distillery at Lonely Cove."

Glancing hastily through the letter, Darnell's eyes were arrested by the following paragraph:

The cave was narrow at the opening, but widened as we proceeded. A number of dark, irregular passages strayed off from the central cavern which we were following. An unexpected turn brought us upon the place. Suddenly an uncertain, reddish haze swam before our eyes; then came dusky, distorted figures, curling smoke, and a fixed band of fiery red—the latter, as was soon found, being the coals visible beneath the closed door of the furnace. At this moment the door itself was thrown open with a rusty creak, the strong red light revealing several uncouth figures, one bent over to feed the fire, another seated on an inverted basket, a third but dimly outlined in the gloom beyond. . . . The central feature of the place was the rude furnace of fire rock, with its all important accompaniment of a small copper still, the neck of which curved away into the shadow. The sound of gurgling water from an underground spring was heard, as it flowed through the tub where the worm was coiled and served to condense the precious vapors which dripped slowly into the primitive receiver.

"Have you noticed that this paper is nearly a year old?" asked Darnell, breaking off from what he was reading.

"Yes," replied the revenue collector, rather uneasily. "The fact is, that marked copy was mailed to me last fall, but it got misplaced, and I only read the article

two weeks ago. I began to try to find out where Lonely Cove was right off, but didn't succeed till I stopped at Wolf Creek yesterday. They told me there that Gideon McLeod was the only man who had a place up here, so I got out a warrant against him."

"And on such a flimsy bit of evidence as this you expect to drag a man away from his home?"

"Well, you see I calculated to surprise him and get positive proof."

"If you can do that, justice will be on your side," said Darnell. "But you will have to go to work and find that wonderful cave and all it contains, as described in this paper. There is a cave—a very little one—but you will be mightily disappointed when you go through it. I venture to say that if you kept a spy in these mountains for six months, you would get no more 'proof' than you have now."

"Well, we'll take a look around anyhow," said the revenue collector, with a knowing look, but yet with somewhat of a disappointed air.

"We'd hardly have a right to take him, less'n we could find a plant or a stock of liquor some're about," remarked the sheriff dubiously, inclining to Darnell's view of the case. He had a lurking sympathy for McLeod, innocent or guilty. He had never been able to understand why a man should not be allowed to turn a portion of the fruits of his own cornfield and orchard into pure, colorless whisky and applejack, and even sell a little of it if he chose; and his motive in accompanying the revenue collector was no more nor less than to make a show of doing what he considered his duty. He had grown angry, and called for an axe to beat down the door, because he felt that his authority should have been more promptly recognized.

"I happen to know the man who wrote this letter," said Darnell, again glancing into the paper; "in fact, he considers himself a friend of mine. I know that he spent a few days here last summer. He talked to me a great deal about his stay here, but said not a word about moonshine whisky. I know something of his habits as a journalist—I have found him inaccurate before—and I give you my word, gentlemen, that the whole thing is a pure invention—a newspaper yarn."

"Do you mean he had a grudge——" began the sheriff.

"Oh, no. He didn't do it maliciously. If he had supposed the result would be anything like this, I am sure he wouldn't

have done it. He merely wanted to write a sensational and readable letter, and doubtless assured himself that no reader of the *Chronicle* would have the remotest idea where Lonely Cove was. Write to this Summerfield in care of this paper, and he will confirm what I tell you."

Corona now appeared on the porch, having conferred with her uncle, and opened the house, as she had been advised to do. Darnell invited the men to enter, and talk the matter over with McLeod, which they did, the sheriff being moved to apologize for his violence. As a matter of course, the suspected man swore that he was innocent, and bade his accusers search the premises. The afternoon was spent in doing this. The house, the barn, the neighboring woods, including Darnell's tent and Calypso's cave, were carefully searched, without the discovery of a single trace of "mountain dew" or the machinery of its manufacture. Darnell followed them over every foot of ground, and toward sundown returned with them to the farm house. The revenue collector was greatly annoyed and disgusted, and swore roundly at the writer of the misleading article.

"Either that man was a blamed liar, or there is a still up here somewhere. We'll keep on the lookout, I promise you," he said to Darnell, who disdained to reply.

Gideon McLeod sent his timid wife out to ask the party to wait for supper before starting on their fifteen mile ride, but they had the grace to refuse this invitation.

"I wish you'd give me that newspaper," said Darnell, as the revenue officer was mounting his horse.

"What do you want with it?"

"I want it," said the young man simply, a rising flush on his face.

"What good would that do?"—suspiciously. "I could send for another easy enough."

"Certainly you could. I had no such object in asking for it; my object is a private one. I will engage to return the paper promptly, if you will give me your address."

A few minutes later the party rode away, leaving their copy of the mischief making newspaper behind. Darnell folded it carefully and put it in his pocket, then called out to Corona:

"Tell your uncle not to be uneasy. They won't come back." And then, instead of going to listen to their thanks, as the girl was hoping he would do, he bade her good night and took the path leading to his solitary camp.

After this Corona hesitated no longer. Go to him she must and would, and thank him for his friendly help in a time of great need. The following afternoon, she took Dan with her and walked to the camp. They found the botanist lying in his hammock reading, his work for the day evidently being done. Near him on the ground lay an unfolded newspaper, and on a box within reach of his hand several books. He was so absorbed in what he read that he did not observe their approach. Not until Corona stooped to pick up the newspaper did he see them and start up with a glad look of welcome.

"It brings back the old days to see you here again," he said.

"Those days are hardly 'old,' are they?" she answered. "It is less than a week since I was here."

"It seems a twelvemonth."

Dan threw himself on the ground and began devouring them with his eyes, as usual. Darnell invited Corona to sit in the hammock, and clearing the box of its weight of books, moved it away a little and seated himself thereon. The girl remarked that he had seemed deeply interested in his book, and suggested that he should go on with it a little longer while she examined the newspaper; she had seen but few during her life, and these were all old.

The proposal was agreed to, but although he reopened his book, Darnell did not read a line. His attention was riveted on the girl. He marked that she glanced aimlessly at the headings in the paper for a few moments, then suddenly an intent look crept into her eyes, and her glance wandered no more. A flush overspread her face as she read, and her breath quickened. The minutes passed; her glance gradually traveled down to the bottom of the sheet, then leaped to the top and continued steadily down to the middle, where the article was apparently signed and came to an end, for her eye descended no further. As she came to the stopping place and paused, the observer marked that her heightened color gave place slowly to a deadly paleness, and that her eyes were full of quickening fire. The paper dropped to her lap and she looked up.

"Have you read this article, this 'On the Track of the Moonshiners'?" she asked, in a voice so unlike her own that he was startled.

"Yes, I have read it."

"Where did you get the paper?"

"That revenue man gave it to me yesterday."

"And it was this that brought them here, that made them suspect my uncle?" She stood erect as she asked the question, the expression of her face showing that the inquiry was needless.

"Yes."

"It is so difficult to believe—that he wrote this. How can it be true?" she asked, with a sound in her throat resembling a sob. For one moment she looked stupefied—crushed.

"It is certainly true," said Darnell, looking into his book.

"And it was such a man as this that I have loved!" It was a cry of incredulity—of angry realization—of sore pain. Her spirit was not broken.

Darnell threw down the book and looked into the forest with flashing eyes. What could he say to her? Could he be expected to defend such a man as Summerfield, and when that man was his rival? It would be ranting hypocrisy, cant, lying. He said nothing.

"Hesiod declared that there had been a golden age, a silver, a brazen, and finally in his own day the age of iron," said Corona, reseating herself and looking absently before her. "*This* must be the age of a baser metal still—the age of clay, of mud, of mire!"

"I must say to you, as I said to those men yesterday," spoke up Darnell, "that Summerfield did not do it maliciously, and doubtless believed no harm could come of it." He went on to repeat what he had said the day before as regarded the journalist's motives.

"It is just as much a lie," said Corona, almost fiercely.

"Many would not consider it so—would see something of palliation."

Her expression showed him that she was unalterably fixed in her opinion. She rose and moved toward him with outstretched hands.

"You told me once that I knew too little about this modern world, and you were right," she said. "I know too little how a sincere and beautiful face can be made the mask of a wicked heart. Teach me—teach me to see behind the mask."

He took her hand, lifted it and gently kissed it. But she promptly drew it away.

"Oh, no, not that," she pleaded. "I cannot love again. You are my dear friend, my brother; but I can love no more in that way."

"It is something gained to know that you no longer love another," he answered hopefully.

The next day Corona burned the little book in which she had written so often while thinking of Summerfield. She slowly tore out leaf after leaf and committed it to the flames, with never one thought of a possible literary value which the work might possess, or a regret of any other nature. She wished to be rid of all reminders—to start afresh. She was still ignorant that she had been loving a mere phantom, but understood at least that she loved no longer.

"Thus perish the memory of that beautiful wicked one," was her thought.

XII.

SEATED on the porch, Corona and Darnell talked late one evening a few days after the visit of the sheriff. Gideon McLeod sat on the steps most of the time, smoking his pipe and taking no part in the conversation. The night was beautiful. The full moon rose high over the dark, slumbering mountains. Helicon, Parnassus, and the other peaks lifted themselves skyward in dim, uncertain, yet bulky outlines. A gentle current of air shook the foliage on the neighboring trees, and the occasional chirp of a sleepless bird was borne to the listeners from among the rustling leaves.

Darnell had been saying that people who dwelt close to nature's heart, as in the lonely places of the mountains, were likely to entertain serious thoughts more uninterruptedly than the people of the cities; to be less merry, but more trustful and more really contented; and this was likely to affect the expression of their faces, giving them an air of unusual gravity.

"But you, who are from the cities, have that serious look, too," said Corona. "I have often observed that you were so different from—from Henry."

"Perhaps I have, but if so there is a reason for it. It is doubtless because of the unhappy atmosphere in which I grew up."

"Will you not tell me about your early life, Edward?" she asked earnestly. "Was it so unhappy?"

"I can tell you, but it will hardly interest you." He made an effort to change the subject, but she brought him back to it.

"I know almost nothing about my own parents beyond the fact that their name was Darnell," he began at last. "I was left a destitute orphan at the age of six, and was adopted by a remote cousin of my mother's. My adopted mother was the wife of a man named Casimiro, a Cuban cigar merchant

in Charleston. Carlos Casimiro, judging from all I have since heard of him, was perhaps over punctilious and particular in the matter of honor, but he was sober, intelligent, and probity itself. He made a place for himself even in a strange city, and in the course of time he married into a good family, as such things go, although neither he nor his wife, Evelyn Merion, could be called wealthy. It may interest you to know that you have often reminded me of my adopted mother. She did not have your dark eyes and hair, but she had your expression, your manner, and she was like you in disposition.

"It was a case of love on both sides, and there appeared to be only two obstacles in the way of complete happiness for the Casimiro. One was the fact of their having no children—that is why I was adopted; the other was the presence in the house of a third person, brother of the wife. My adopted uncle, Harry Merion, started out well, and was generally supposed to be a youth of bright promise, though there were afterwards some who declared that they always knew there was a screw loose somewhere. His father and mother had been first cousins, and some people attributed the trouble to that. Whatever the cause, by the time he was eighteen his mind had gone under a cloud, and after that he was never quite right. He should have been sent to an asylum where he could have been treated systematically, and perhaps cured. Some of the relatives were wise enough to urge this, seeing that he had to be taken out of school, and became a burden in his mother's home; but no step toward such an arrangement was taken. His mother was bitterly opposed to it, and willing to sacrifice the remainder of her family for him. When she died, his sister Evelyn assumed the cross, and would listen to no proposals looking toward a separation. She finally married Casimiro with the understanding that her afflicted brother should always be permitted to live in their home.

"Harry Merion was never very violent until toward the last, but he often raved mildly and talked irrationally for hours without a moment's pause. He had read much poetry, and usually recited his interminable imaginings in a sort of sing song rhythm. I can remember his roaming about the house late in the night, making queer noises. He early showed a deep and jealous affection for his sister, and this in itself was sufficient cause for their separation after her marriage. He made trouble between husband and wife more than once,

but Casimiro was not alarmed, and allowed affairs to drift on from bad to worse.

"Two years after my adoption a child was born to the Casimiro, a girl, whom the father named Corona, because, as he said, she had crowned his life with happiness."

"How strange—my name!" murmured Corona, deeply interested, and Gideon McLeod turned his head as though he had begun to listen.

"That is another reason why you have reminded me of my adopted mother," pursued Darnell. "I have often wondered where your parents, being mountain people, got such a name. When the baby came, Harry Merion was about twenty years old. Not long after that it was observed that he grew steadily worse. He seemed to love the child more than its mother, but there were times when this remarkable affection disappeared utterly, and they became afraid to leave him alone with it. Meanwhile his insane dislike of Casimiro increased until it was clear that he felt little short of hatred for the man who had generously opened his home to him.

"So the time went on until the child was a little more than two years old, and then came the terrible tragedy which, it has always seemed to me, they might have foreseen and guarded against. One night—I was a boy of twelve and asleep in the house at the time—Harry Merion flew into a rage and shot Casimiro dead without any provocation whatever, and while the mother was weeping over her husband's bleeding body, he lifted their sleeping baby out of its cradle and disappeared. Neither the one nor the other was ever seen again."

Corona suppressed a desire to interrupt with questions, and Darnell proceeded: "It was learned that a man answering to his description boarded an outgoing train and got off somewhere in North Carolina at a late hour of the same night, still carrying the sleeping child. There all trace of them was lost. It was thought that he might have thrown the child into a river, or abandoned it in some town where it was picked up and adopted, and that in some way he met his own death. It was easy to multiply conjectures, but not one of them was ever verified. Thousands of dollars were spent in the search for the madman and the child, but neither of them was ever heard of again. If they had gone away in a balloon, all traces of them could not have been more completely obliterated."

Gideon McLeod sat still on the steps, saying nothing, but so intense was his interest in Darnell's narrative that he had forgotten

to smoke, and had allowed his corn cob pipe to go out.

"Now you have the story of the unhappy atmosphere in which I grew up," the speaker concluded. "Robbed of her husband and child in one night, my adopted mother received a shock from which she never rallied. Necessarily our home was a gloomy one. I think I did all I could to cheer her; certainly I tried hard to be a true son to her, and I know that she loved me. The tragedy occurred when I was twelve, and she died when I was nineteen. There was not a great deal of money left after the estate was settled, and what there was I expended on my education. I went to New York, and spent several years at Columbia College, afterwards pursuing the study of botany in Europe. Five years ago I returned to New York, which is still my home."

The sad story deeply engaged Corona's interest, and she now asked question after question, thus bringing out many particulars which had been omitted. Finally, when there seemed no more to tell, Gideon McLeod moved uneasily on the steps and cleared his throat several times, as if about to speak.

"Mr. Darnell," he began at last, "if you was to see a man—a crazy looking man—about to kill a little child, what would you do?"

"I'd prevent it," answered Darnell, surprised at the question.

"Would you shoot him?"

"No; I'd jump on him—overpower him—get the child out of the way."

"But s'posin'"—Gideon McLeod seemed to hesitate—"s'posin' you was to come up on him jes' ez he was about to shoot the child, and you had a gun with you?"

"I don't like to propose to myself such questions," answered Darnell, more surprised. "At such a crisis I should certainly act, however. It would certainly be inhuman to stand by and not attempt to prevent such a shocking—but why do you ask?"

"I was jes' a wonderin'. What would be the law in such a case?"

"I never heard of such a case, but I don't see how the law could touch a man who shot a madman in order to save the life of an innocent child."

"Well, now, that's jes' the way it seemed to me, and when I seen him p'intin' his pistol at the child that day it was more'n I could stand, and I jes' blazed away."

"What! You really shot—a madman—"

Gideon McLeod suddenly got up on his

feet and went and stood before them, staggering like a drunken man. In the pale light of the moon they perceived that he was strangely excited.

"It's out now, and I mought ez well tell it," he said in an agitated voice. "I'm goin' to tell you two what nobody in the world knows but me and my wife, and you kin judge betwixt me and that crazy man."

Corona made room for him on the bench, and he sat down by them and told the story without interruption, although both his companions were breathing hard with excitement and their minds were full of surprise and conjectures.

"What did you do with the child?" asked Darnell as soon as there was a pause, leaping to the conclusion.

"Here she is—right here"—placing his hand on the girl beside him.

Corona and Darnell both started to their feet, incredulous yet believing. "Can it be—can it really be true?" they repeatedly exclaimed, a glad note in the sound of their voices.

"Mebby she ain't the child that was took from you all, Mr. Darnell," said Gideon McLeod solemnly, "but ez shore ez I'm a livin' she's the child that crazy man was about to shoot in the woods down yonder. And now do you blame me?" he asked with eagerness.

"I blame you?" echoed Darnell. "I thank you."

"You saved me and became my father," murmured Corona, reseating herself and putting her arms round the mountaineer's neck.

"Your only fault," said Darnell, on second thoughts, "was in keeping the secret. If you had advertised and reached the stricken mother—how much happiness you could have given her!"

"I would 'a, but I was a scared—and I didn't know how," was the remorseful response.

"But when was this?" Darnell hurried on to ask.

"Eighteen years ago this last spring."

"The dates agree exactly, but that alone is not proof enough. Were there any letters on him—anything by which to identify him or the child?"

By way of answer the mountaineer went into the house, calling his wife.

"If this be really true, then you are my brother," said Corona gladly.

"Not by blood," was the prompt correction. "If you are Corona Casimiro, I am a very distant relative of yours, nothing more."

Gideon McLeod returned shortly, bringing a candle and a white bundle which proved to be the garments worn by the hapless little girl eighteen years before. The word "Corona" embroidered in white silk, now yellow with age, on one of them, was pointed out, and then they were shown the linen handkerchief marked "H. M." which had been found in the madman's pocket.

"It is sufficient," said Darnell at last. "There can be no further doubt. That handkerchief certainly belonged to Harry Merion. My adopted mother was fond of doing such embroidery. I still have a handkerchief laid away somewhere on which she embroidered my name with that same thread." Turning to the girl, he continued: "The proofs *may* not be sufficient to establish your identity before a court, but that will not be necessary. You have no fortune to win, and need not go to law. As I have told you, I spent everything that was left on my education, and I engage to pay it back to you."

"Only half of it could be called mine, and—"

"You shall have it all. There can be no possible doubt," he continued. "From the first day you have reminded me of your mother."

"That crazy man must 'a found that horse standin' waitin' for somebody else when he got off the train that night," said Gideon McLeod, "and I reckon he tuck to the woods right straight and kep' a comin' till he got hyer. It was a mighty fine horse."

Darnell seconded this conjecture, although he had barely caught the gist of the remark, being occupied with Corona's multiplying questions concerning her parents and kindred. The mountaineer presently reentered the house and returned with a torch, proposing that they should go and see where Harry Merion was buried, as the distance was short. They rose and followed him, Corona continuing her questions as they walked down the path, out at the gate, and into the woods.

"I'm more 'n middlin' glad you ain't got no call to go into court," said the mountaineer, as a silence fell between the two younger people. "There wa'n't no witnesses to the shootin' and how I come to do it, and I mought git into a sight o' trouble."

They were now on the ground, but there was nothing to be seen but the stake that had been driven down on that memorable night so long ago. Gideon McLeod held the torch aloft and told them how, at the

suggestion of his wife, he had read from the sacred Book and recited a prayer before the earth had been shoveled in. As they were retracing their steps, Darnell assured him that he had nothing to fear, then or in the future. It was not necessary to go into court, and as all the relatives were dead but distant ones, the facts need never be known outside of Lonely Cove. "Corona can go back with me to New York as my wife or my sister, as she chooses, and it will not be necessary to tell her history."

They did not observe it, but the expression of the old mountaineer's face suddenly altered strangely, and he uttered a deep sigh as he relapsed into silence.

"It is just as well," Darnell continued, "for the story would doubtless be received with incredulous smiles."

They were now at the gate, and he went no farther; Corona halted also, but Gideon McLeod walked on, presently subsiding into his old seat on the steps, too excited and wide awake to think of retiring as yet.

"We belong to each other now, whether you ever marry me or not," said the young man, in a low, glad voice, before taking his leave.

"Yes—we are brother and sister."

As Corona returned slowly and meditatively toward the house, she observed the figure on the steps and distinctly heard these words muttered in a troubled voice: "He'll take her—of course; but, thank God, I done my duty, anyhow." The girl ran forward and seated herself by the mountaineer's side, resting her arm upon his shoulder affectionately.

"You'll be goin' off from us soon, I reckon," he said in the same troubled voice. "That's why I hated to tell—I knowed he'd carry you off."

"Dear uncle," said Corona impulsively, deeply moved, "I will stay—I will not leave you."

"No use a sayin' that," he laughed. "It wouldn't be right nohow. Young folks must marry."

XIII.

CORONA still felt unable to think of Darnell as a lover. She thought she could never love again; but he had become very dear to her, and was almost constantly in her thoughts. It had seemed more and more difficult of late to construct a future which did not include him as an important part of it, and she had begun to wish earnestly that he might always be beside her to guide, instruct, and protect. Now

that her family history had come to light, revealing the fact that he was not only a relation but an adopted brother, and the future of her dreams had become an assured prospect, she basked in the sunshine of great content. This man in whom she thoroughly believed, this man of a noble heart, was now in very truth her brother, teacher, friend, protector!

She had occasion to think of him especially in the latter respect a few days later. Within a week after warning them of the approach of the raiders, Jonathan Scruggs turned up at Lonely Cove, unmistakably in the rôle of a suitor come a courting. They one and all treated him with every kindness; he ate heartily of the early dinner prepared for him, and in the cool of the afternoon, as Corona and Dan started off for a walk, he was invited to accompany them. The girl had intended going straight to the camp, in case he remained with the McLeods, as she hoped he would; but the party now took their way towards the river Simois.

"Ain't you got no good word for me, Miss Anna, after what I done for you all t'other day?" asked the foolish lover, with the air of one come to claim a reward.

They had seated themselves on the little river's bank, and were watching the clear water swirling white and frothy over the rocks. Corona turned and looked at him coldly.

"Nothing, Jonathan," she said, "except that we all thank you for warning us as you did."

"I've been a runnin' after you a right smart while, Miss Anna," he ventured, after a few moments. "It's now goin' on two year."

"It is a pity to waste so much time," she remarked, her glance returning to the leaping water.

"I love to waste it—on *you*," declared this personification of obtuseness. "I'm willin' to waste a big sight more on you." His little yellow eyes seemed to dance as he gazed at her.

"I have told you often that it was useless to continue," she reminded him.

"So you did," he assented, his broad, red face expanded in a knowing smile, "but women folks is powerful apt to change their minds, they tell me. Mebby we'll make it after a while. Nothin' like keepin' at a thing," he laughed loudly.

Corona rose to walk on, an expression of disgust on her face. Just then they heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and the girl's face lighted up as Darnell appeared.

He carried a light spade, very long and narrow, and two or three uprooted plants.

"I'm so glad you have come," she said to him in a low voice.

Darnell's smile showed that he was no less glad. After a moment he turned from her and nodded to Dan and young Scruggs. The latter was unwise and intemperate enough to scowl instead of returning the salute, and presently burst out with the rude remark:

"Two is comp'ny and three is none, they tell *me*."

Corona and Darnell both turned at this, the latter surveying the angry mountaineer with a critical eye. "What do you mean by that?" he asked mildly.

"I mean two is comp'ny, and three is none in *my* country."

"Then suppose we leave him," suggested Darnell.

Corona indicating assent, they began to walk on.

At that Jonathan Scruggs swore an oath, and lost his head completely. "I reckon this is my innin'," he shouted. "I walked out with her first, and you or any other man has got me to whip before you kin take her away from me that way."

He rushed up to his rival with doubled fists, and stood close to him in a threatening attitude. The blood mounted to Darnell's face, and before he knew it he had taken the initiative. Suddenly his right arm shot out from the shoulder, and there was the dull sound of a heavy blow. The mountaineer staggered back, and for a moment he seemed to be falling; but he rallied, leaped forward, and the two men grappled.

Though an inch or two taller, Darnell was much the lighter man; but he had had considerable athletic training in his youth, and his many summers of out door life, with much mountain climbing, had aided in the development of his muscles. The over confident Scruggs soon found that he had met his match. For many moments the issue of the struggle seemed doubtful; round and round over a confined open space carpeted with dead leaves they gradually worked their way. Corona looked on, terrified, yet conscious of a strange fascination, while Dan was so pleased at so uncommon a sight that he could not contain himself, but went leaping and dancing about the wrestlers, smiling and uttering inarticulate sounds of delight.

Corona was conscious of the most intense satisfaction, of almost a desire to shout, when at last she saw Scruggs go down heavily and Darnell partially rise with his

knees upon the breast of his panting and furious adversary.

"You deserve a great deal more than this, but I am going to let you go," said Darnell sternly, as he held the man down and they glared at each other. "Another time I hope you will know how to behave yourself in the presence of a lady."

When released, Scruggs gathered himself up very quickly, considering that he was out of breath and pretty well spent. He looked from Corona to the victor, his face aflame with passion. "I'll get even with you yet," he said huskily, with a dark, threatening look toward the latter.

"You ought to be satisfied," said Darnell, smiling serenely. "I am. It was a fair fight."

By way of response the mountaineer repeated his threat, more bitterly than before. Fearing more and perhaps worse trouble, Corona signed to Dan to take Scruggs back to the house, and speaking urgently to Darnell, the two walked away together, leaving the deaf mute to obey his orders—if he could.

Some men would have seriously reflected over the fact of having aroused the bitter enmity of another, and would thereafter have always been more or less on their guard. A more cautious man would per-

haps not only have been on the lookout by day but would not have slept unprotected by night. Darnell, however, did not give the matter more than a passing thought, and soon forgot the threats of the vanquished mountaineer.

It was in the morning, a week or two later, while preparing his breakfast, that he once or twice thought he heard stealthy footsteps beyond the borders of the open space surrounding his camp. He raised his head and scanned the leafy aisles leading away in all directions, but saw nothing. He attributed the sounds to the rustle of dry leaves moved by the wind. At the same time he reflected that the air seemed phenomenally still that morning, and wondered if some little animal, perhaps a squirrel, were not frisking about in the vicinity. Having breakfasted, and set his tent and surroundings in something like order, he made ready for a tramp.

"The air is remarkably still," he said aloud, as he stood, spade in hand, ready to start.

It was just then that his eye caught the leap of a slender tongue of flame from the thicket directly in front. Almost at the same instant he felt a heavy, burning blow, heard a loud report, and realized, as one in a dream, that he tottered and fell.

(To be continued.)



A SONG.

My love is young, my love is fair,
The sunshine's net is in her hair;
The sunshine's reddest roses seek
To kiss the white rose on her cheek;
And when with joy her sweet lips part
They sing the sunshine in her heart.

Within the deeps of her dear eyes
The spirit of the sunshine lies,
And when she turns their light on me,
The shadows of a lifetime flee.
Spring, joy, and love become my part,
For she is sunshine in my heart.

Lydia Avery Coonley.

SCOTT'S LIFE SCENES AND LIFE WORK.

The romantic atmosphere in which the greatest of Scottish poets and novelists lived and wrote, and the wonderful picture gallery of characters that he created.

By George Holme.

IT was in the old farm house at Sandy Knowe that the seeds were planted which grew into the most fascinating stories of Highlanders and Borderers, knights and kings, and maids of high and low degree, that were ever written. The Scotch grandmother, in whose youth the old border depredations were a matter of recent tradition, had told her tales of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Arkwood, and other merry men of the Robin Hood order, to dozens of boys. It was the fertile mind of little Walter Scott that received and kept the impression of that time of romance, to embellish and elaborate it, and make it the property of all the reading world.

Indeed, Watt of Harden, and his wife, "the Flower of Yarrow," were in the direct line of descent of Walter Scott's ancestry, five generations back; and the lad took pride in these ancient lairds, who were practically sheep farmers, and who varied their care of the fold by night raids over the border upon their English cousins, "lifting" cattle and whatever else was "neither too hot nor too heavy." Scott's father, who was the original of the elder *Fairford* in "The Red Gauntlet," was the first of the Scotts to take to a town life or a profession.

The health of little Walter sent him back to the hills to gain strength, and unconsciously to breathe in what was the nucleus of his life work. As the boy grew older he showed that his taste for mediæval legend was a passion whose strength could carry him through the driest work.

In a famous review of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Carlyle protested against a man writing without prepa-

ration. It was said that the immortal novels of the Waverley series were written at a speed of three thousand words a day; but going along the life of Scott, we find that his whole boyhood was a preparation.

He early showed that power of fascination, that eager, vivid, lively personality which quickened the pulse of all who came near him. His own mind moved rapidly, caught color where other eyes saw sober hodden grays, and heard the echoes of martial music along pathways long given up to the slow feet of cattle. He charmed out of every man, woman, and child, every scrap of material they contained to feed his love of romance. When he was ten, he owned a rare collection of old ballads, and all through his school days his reading was really a serious study of his favorite subject. He says that even in those early days "fame was the spur."

He was balked by nothing that came in his way. He learned Italian that he might read Ariosto, and Spanish to make the acquaintance of Cervantes. It was the "Novelas" of the last which first gave him an ambition to write fiction. He mastered not only modern, but ancient French, when he was only fifteen, that he might delve into the old romances. Discovering that there were, in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, old manuscripts bearing upon Scottish family history, he spent months ransacking them. When he was twenty one his opinion upon such records was sought by antiquarians all over Britain.

Scott's preparation for painting the past life of Scotland was little less thorough than his knowledge of contemporary life. He drew everybody to



"Effie Deans."

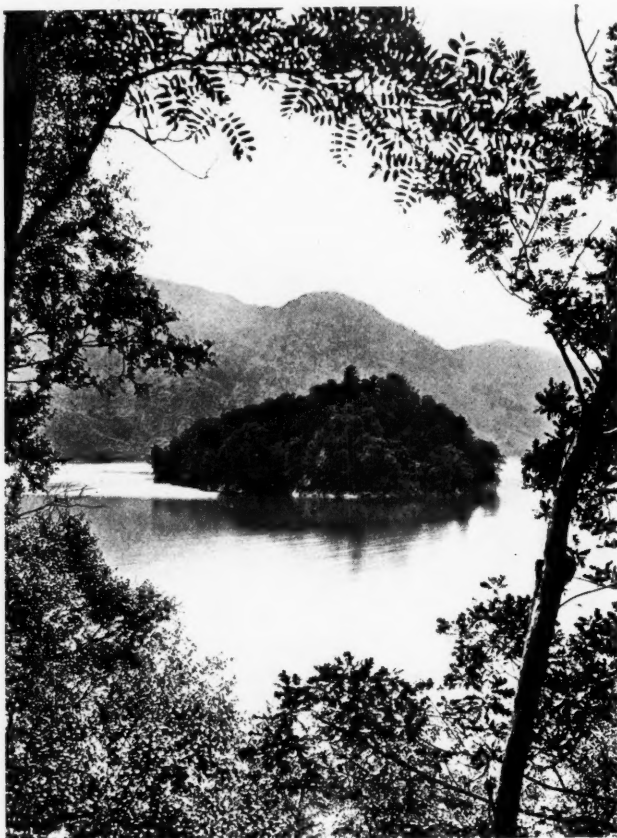
From the painting by Sir John E. Millais.

him. He studied law with his father, and was one of the most popular members of the Scottish bar. He was a companion in all the gaieties of the wildest of the younger men; while at home he was obliged to live the life of a puritanic Scotch household.

Scott looked upon his profession as a means of getting him a situation where he would have little to do. He had married a Miss Carpenter, the daughter of a French royalist who had died in the Revolution. She made a wife who could not enter into his intellectual life,

and who was a constant care to him. The situation was found, but the salary was not great, and the duties were by no means light; yet these he carried out faithfully for twenty five years as

not because they were so beautiful, but because he said he could write that kind of poetry! He tried, and produced "The Eve of St. John," and "The Gray Brother."



Ellen's Isle. Loch Katrine.

"sheriff depute" of Selkirkshire, with about fifteen hundred dollars a year.

It was as a verse writer that Scott made his first reputation. In 1788 he had heard a lecture by Henry Mackenzie upon German literature, and had immediately set about learning German. It was while he was at the height of his enthusiasm that Mrs. Barbauld visited Edinburgh and recited an English translation of "Lenore," by Bürger. Two lines caught his fancy:

Tramp, tramp, across the sea they speed;
Splash, splash, across the sea!:-

He then thought of bringing out a book of Border Minstrelsy, and had all his friends on the lookout for material. The Countess of Dalkeith was very much interested in the work, and hearing the story of the hobgoblin Gilpin Horner, sent it to him, asking him to write a poem upon that. Scott resolved, out of compliment to the lady, to connect it in some way with the house of Buccleuch, to which her husband belonged, and to make it the framework for his long designed picture of border manners.

In 1805 "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared. It sold as no poem had



"The Bride of Lammermoor."

From the painting by Sir John E. Millais.

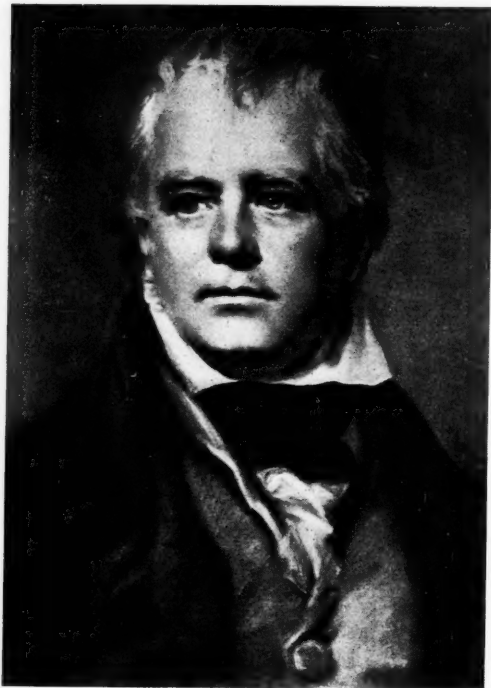
ever sold before, and nobody was so much astonished as Scott himself. It is an interesting story told with simplicity, with energy and brilliancy. The meter and rhyme carry the reader along with light feet, but not so rapidly that the lines do not cling to the memory. The goblin part of the story is the only

faulty work it contains. The action runs over only three days, and never changes from Branksome and its neighborhood, where

Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran.

The success of the "Lay" decided that literature was to be Scott's life work.

His publishing venture was the one



Sir Walter Scott.

From the portrait by Krüger.

disastrous episode of his life. He was a sleeping partner in the house of Balgownie and Company, of Edinburgh, but he kept the matter a profound secret, thinking it would injure him socially to be known in connection with a commercial venture. "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" lifted him to the highest point of fame and prosperity, but his business troubles pulled him down to earth again. It was in the midst of ignoble embarrassments that he began to write "Waverley," because he had found that there was money in romance. Pegasus was hitched to the plow, and right nobly he tilled the soil for the harvest.

Scott thought novel writing beneath his dignity, and kept the secret of his authorship long after "The Great Unknown" was on every tongue. He had purchased Abbotsford now, and lived there like a Scotch laird of great wealth, with the arms of a dozen Scotch

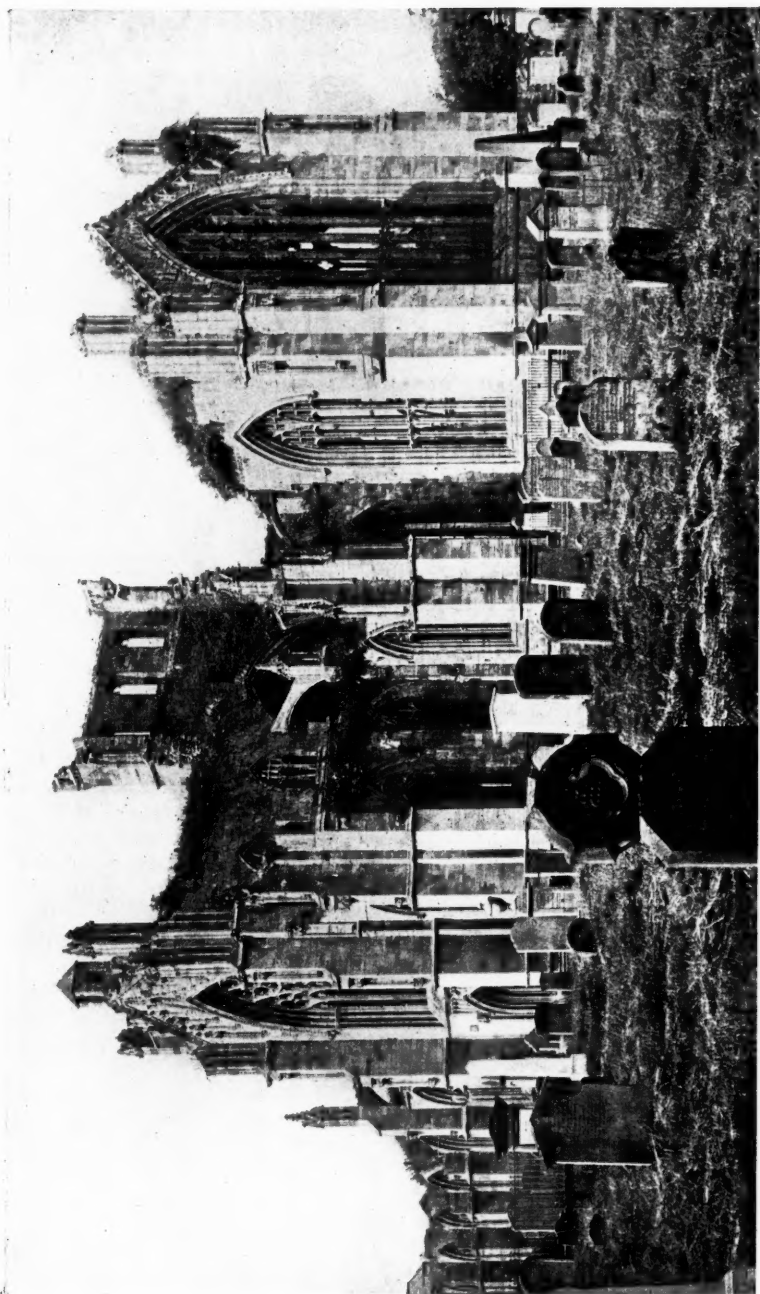
families painted on the walls, and visitors representative of all the clans. It was a handsome place, within sight of "fair Melrose" and his beloved Tweed.

He continued to produce works to which he signed his own name, and people said that if he also wrote the novels of the Unknown, he must keep a goblin in some turret as his amanuensis. Novels fairly flowed from his pen, and the proceeds supported his partners in the publishing house, beside the great establishment at Abbotsford with its train of visitors. It recalls the legend of the man with the brain of gold, which his family and friends destroyed. He dictated "Ivanhoe," "The

Bride of Lammermoor," and "Montrose" in fits of suffering so intense that he could not suppress his cries of agony. He would shut the door.



The Scott Monument. Edinburgh.



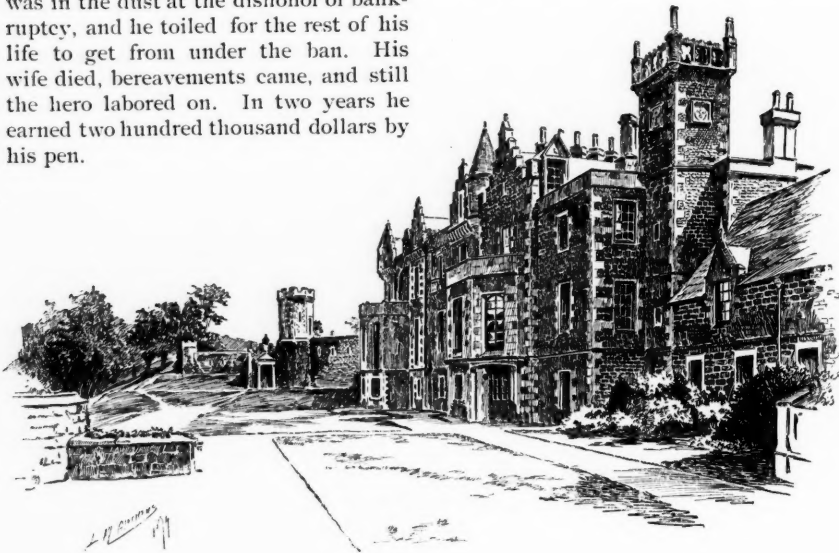
"Fair Melrose."

The crowds of visitors must know of neither work nor pain.

And then finally the crash came, and Scott, who had believed himself rich, found himself responsible for over six hundred thousand dollars! His pride was in the dust at the dishonor of bankruptcy, and he toiled for the rest of his life to get from under the ban. His wife died, bereavements came, and still the hero labored on. In two years he earned two hundred thousand dollars by his pen.

even today, after sixty years, to the good and loyal in man, scorning all that is base.

His characters have become national possessions, and his scenes are the goal of pilgrimages. Ellen's Isle, the locale



Abbotsford.

Ill, dying, refusing to give up, he labored on, and then happily his mind failed. He fancied his debts paid, his work done, and he went abroad. But he knew he was dying, and he came back to Abbotsford just in time to say farewell to the land he had clothed forever in romance. The end came in September, 1832.

The influence of Scott on young ideas, upon whole countries, has been like an invigorating atmosphere. Bracing, animated, moral, never degenerating into sentimentality, too deep to be cynical, animated throughout by the very spirit and essence of manliness, he appeals,

of the "Lady of the Lake," made the Perthshire Highlands fashionable with a vogue that has never declined.

Scott was a sound historian; but where he has changed a historical character for the purposes of his story, it is his hero or heroine that we remember and recognize. When great artists have taken the theme for a picture, it is the romancer's ideal they have painted. He succeeded, like Shakspeare, in putting immaterial living characters into a world of flesh and blood.

Abbotsford is still in the hands of the descendants of Scott's daughter, and is kept as it was in Sir Walter's day.



A FUTURE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

The Czarevitch of Russia and his fiancée, Princess Alix of Hesse—A royal love match that may change the destinies of Russia and of Europe.

By Margaret Field.

THE coming marriage between the heir to the throne of Russia and Princess Alix of Hesse is full of meaning to the writers of history. There was a time when a royal marriage meant an alliance of states and interests, and was looked at from no other point of view.

There may have been love matches between kings and queens, but they were chiefly recorded in fairy tales. A sovereign often wedded a princess whom he had never seen; and it was a strong woman who made her influence felt in the affairs of her adopted nation.



The Czarevitch of Russia.

From a photograph by Uhlenuth, Coburg.



Princess Alix of Hesse.

From a photograph by Uhlenkuth, Coburg.

The feminine influence often came through other channels. There is a story told of a German queen who one day saw a lady riding through the park, with outriders wearing royal liveries.

"Who is that?" she asked of the king.

"That," he said, "is my wife."

"Pray, then, what am I?"

"You? You are my queen."

But that day has in a measure departed. Even a prince, the heir to a great throne, consults his own tastes and inclinations to a degree, and it is more to the personality of the princess selected than her country and her dower

that eyes are turned today. The daughter of Denmark, for example, came portionless to Russia, but she has had much to do with the policy of the present reign, being her husband's most trusted adviser.

Nicholas Alexandrovitch is by no means a robust young man. He is short and rather delicate looking, with anything but the imperial bearing which has come to be associated with the Romanoff family. The present Czar is a veritable Ajax, of enormous size and strength. His heart would probably have gone out in sympathy to an heir who inherited the bodily qualities of his race, or would have forgiven his weak-

ness of frame had it contained an imperious mind; but the Czarevitch had neither, and it is said to be only through the influence of the Czarina that the eldest son has not been set aside from the succession in favor of his younger brother, Michael.

However much the Czar may love his eldest son, he has no great respect and admiration for him as a Russian emperor. He is a student, and Alexander II thinks that students are of small account in the world as compared to men who can bend iron pokers in their fingers. Nicholas Alexandrovitch has studied all his life because studying was his only pleasure. Fear of Nihilists kept him for years almost a prisoner in the imperial palace and country places, where he grew up an innocent faced boy with no knowledge of life except what he gained through books and papers that had been carefully inspected before he saw them. The darker side of Russian history was to him a sealed volume.

Some five years ago the young prince started out upon his travels. He went to Denmark, to England, and to Germany; and the amount of modern information that he managed to imbibe and carry back to Russia set the teeth of the Czar on edge. The young man had brought back with him well defined and radical opinions, and theories upon the questions and literature of the day. He had decided that Jews were human beings, and that it was inhuman and ridiculous to persecute them. Worst of all, in his father's eyes, he had become the devoted friend and admirer of the German emperor.

Look upon Russia as she is today, and imagine a mild, very intelligent, modern young man coming in to take the reins of an almost absolute monarchy; a young man who has chosen as his wife a vivacious German girl, with a keen sense of humor, and the daughter of an English mother. When the present ruler dies, there is likely to be a house cleaning in the White Czar's country.

The Czarevitch is twenty six years old. Ever since his boyhood Europe

has been busy selecting a wife for him. He is so English in his tastes, so fond of his cousins, the children of the Prince of Wales, that it was supposed he would select one of the daughters of that house; but even had inclination pointed that way the Greek church absolutely forbids the marriage of first cousins.

The princess who is to become his wife is twenty two years old, and the most beautiful and the favorite granddaughter of the Queen of England. From her earliest childhood she has shown a marked individuality. Her mother was the Princess Alice, who died of diphtheria when this daughter was only six years old, as a result of devotion to a dying child. It has always been considered unfortunate, in the royal family circles, that the princess was left motherless so young. She has grown up without any of that stiffness and dullness, that desire to make charity garments with her own fingers, which distinguishes the other young women of the royal blood. She is very small, with a certain beauty, and with an elegance which would make her remarkable anywhere. She has in her face that indefinable attraction which the French call "the beauty of the devil," and she has a wit to match it.

It has been over a year since all the relatives knew that the Czarevitch had lost his heart to this tiny princess. Her sister Elizabeth had married his young uncle Sergius, and Alix was spoken of throughout the connection as the most delightful and agreeable of companions, but debarred from making a great match, as she is the victim of an incurable nervous malady. The nature of her disease has been kept a profound secret, but it is known that it renders long periods of seclusion absolutely necessary, and that her physicians are experts in nervous and mental disorders. Dr. Charcot, the hypnotist, the celebrated physician of the insane, has twice been summoned from Paris to attend her.

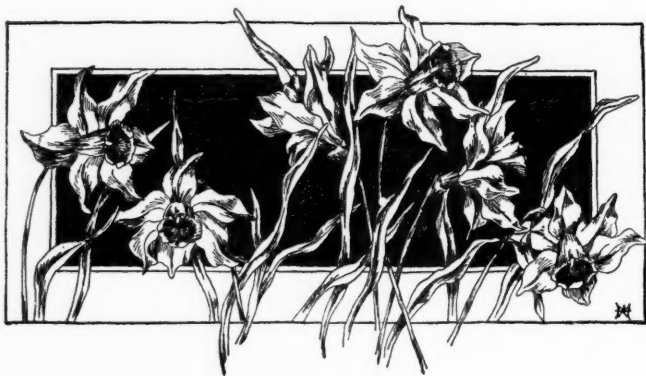
However averse the royal family of St. Petersburg, and the whole people of

Russia, show themselves to the marriage, it was announced with delight in Germany and England. To them it meant a friendly Russian alliance, while in Russia it portended weaklings to occupy the throne in coming years. It is said that the princess felt this, and for a whole year refused to entertain the thought of marrying, but was finally overcome by the persuasions of her lover.

She must go into a hostile family, and she must renounce the Lutheran faith in which she has been brought up, to become a member of the national

Greek church. She went into retirement at some English baths immediately after the announcement of her betrothal, and a priest was sent over from Russia to instruct her in the faith. People who saw her in those days say that her face was not a happy one.

The Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia are sisters. Will there ever be a dishonest maid who will pilfer their private correspondence and give the world a bit of real history? It will only be by some such means that the true stories of this love match will ever be given.



THINE EYES.

'Tis vain to sing the glory of thine eyes—
 Those merry eyes that dance and make us glad,
 Those mournful eyes that glance and make us sad,
 Those liquid depths of laughter and surprise
 Where every shade of sweet expression lies;
 Those tearful eyes where pearly dewdrops shine,
 Those sunny eyes of radiance divine,
 Are more to me than aught in paradise;
 For when my heart is heavy with despair
 I turn away from all this world of care
 And gaze into their depths—then sorrow flees
 And joy returns, for hidden there I see
 The wondrous light of all thy love for me.
 Divinest eyes! Whence are your mysteries?

Clarence Hawkes.

THE EMERALD BEETLE.

By Richard Mace.

RANDOLPH was not in the habit of getting up at four o'clock in the morning, but the tiny, closet-like state-room on the Hudson river boat was close and stifling, and already the noise and odors of the docks were beginning to force themselves upon his consciousness. He had been spending Sunday with his mother up the river, and he thought happily of his pleasant, airy bachelor apartment in the right part of New York.

Randolph was supposed to go up "home" once a week. He kept up a fiction, even with himself, that he intended doing so, and that the lapses were wholly without his consent—the result of a gratuitous meddling of circumstances; but the fact remains that he drew a sigh of relief as the long country Sunday ended.

He did not even take time to bathe his face in the thick steamboat wash bowl. He turned fastidiously from the water that had stood in the ewer all night, and gave himself a happy reminder of his big porcelain tub up town. He threw his clothes on, and making his way out through the ill ventilated "salon," walked over the dock and out into the street, to wait for a car. Perhaps it was his recent visit to the country that made him look about at the soggy men and women who were making their way home at this hour, and think of times when he had turned over a board or a stone that had lain on the grass long unmolested. In the earthy bugs and worms that had gone scurrying out of the sight of the blessed light of day, he could see a disgusting similitude of these children of the city's darkness.

He had not one bit of sentimentality or romance or imagination in his make up, and even this ugly thought surpris-

ed him. He was simply a New York bachelor of thirty seven, who never bought anything on a margin, and who looked into the character and personality of any company before he invested in its securities.

As an open "belt line" car came along, Randolph swung himself on board, taking a back seat, and lighting a cigar. He was the only passenger save one, a half drunken sailor, who turned at the scratch of Randolph's match, and taking a villainous pipe from the pocket of his jacket, lighted it. The conductor gave him a "Hi!" and called him back to the smokers' seats. He put himself immediately in front of Randolph.

The air blew the smoke ahead so that there was no necessity for moving, and they rode along the river front and up through the tenement district, almost touching each other, these two types of worlds as far apart as the planets. Men were still sleeping in the doorways, or sitting up rubbing their eyes to begin another day's existence, whose only want was food.

The sailor leaned back.

"I've done that," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the ragged, yawning men, "but I ain't goin' to do it no more. I've got *what!*" and he slapped the breast pocket of his jacket. "You've got on a pretty breast-pin there, but it ain't nowhere by the side o' mine."

Randolph was looking coldly and quietly into the man's eyes. He was simply a spectacle to him, one with which he had no sort of sympathy, any more than he would have had with any other sort of an unclean beast. The sound of his voice, and the look of his coarse person, were offensive; but Randolph's nerves were strong. He did

not look underneath and see the man that might have been. That was not his way.

But that he noticed him at all was sufficient encouragement to the sailor. He was in the maudlin state when there was nothing to resent short of a blow, and he had some one to talk to. He pushed his fist down into his pocket, and brought out a wad of dirty canvas, stained brown. With nervous, awkward fingers he unwound it. Randolph had continued to look on, expecting to see some gaud from a water front shop, when the last wrapping came off, and the man held on the end of his finger a jewel that made Randolph draw his breath.

It was a beetle carved from a single emerald, an emerald that was a shimmer of pale sea green light. He knew the form, and in an instant he saw the character of the cloth. It was a piece of mummy wrapping. The jewel had lain upon the mummied breast of some Egyptian king.

Randolph put out his hand, and the sailor let him take it. It seemed to him that there came up his finger and along into his brain a sort of electric shock.

As the sailor saw the jewel on Randolph's hand, a change passed over his face. New lines came, firmer lines, about his mouth, and some of the silly coarseness seemed to melt away. It may have been the freshness of the morning air that was blowing away the fumes of drink. A look of loathing, it that character of face could hold such an expression, was in his eyes as he looked at the emerald.

"Ah—do you—want to sell this thing?" Randolph asked.

"Yes, I do," the sailor said firmly. "A mate of mine got it somewhere, and when he died he gave me the thing. There's no luck in it. You may have it for ten dollars."

Randolph reached his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and brought out a little bill book. He felt in a measure ashamed of himself. He knew that the emerald was worth many hundreds of tens, and he was not the man to cheat anybody, but this man would only throw

the thing away. Why should he not have it? Still holding the jewel on his finger, he laid the leather of the bill book on his knee and drew out a crisp, new ten dollar bill, which he put into the sailor's hand. The man opened his mouth as if to speak, and then, without stopping the car, swung himself off the side and disappeared, while Randolph put the emerald in his pocket and went on.

Suddenly it seemed to him that the world looked different. Ideas came into his head that had never been there before. He had a large transaction on hand that morning, one in which all his powers would be exercised to make two men see the justice of their differences, and come to an amicable settlement. They were old friends of his, and he had meant to devote all his mind to their case. But now, suddenly, he saw how by leaving out a certain argument here, he could permanently divide them, and by his knowledge of affairs gather in a large reward for himself.

He shook himself together, sick at his evil thought. He changed cars for his own part of town, and with an impulse he had never had in his life before, walked into a hotel and asked for a morning cocktail. As he came out, a tiny little brougham went by before him on the crossing, and for an instant a little gleaming face like a cat's looked at him through the window, the sleep wanting eyes, with darkened lashes, gazing into his. Then a row of white teeth gleamed at him.

"Confound it!" he said savagely. "What was there in my face to call out that?"

* * * * *

Three months later Randolph stood on the hearth rug in his apartment and looked away down into the two burning sticks his servant had laid on the irons. It was early winter, but the air was chill after dark, and it was after dark that Randolph was beginning to live. The cozy bachelor apartment had taken on some changes in the past few months. Where there had been a leather covered lounge, upon which he used to fling himself with a new magazine when he

came in tired in the evening, there was a broad, silken Turkish couch piled with embroidered cushions, and a French novel or two lay among them. The sober engravings and etchings on the walls had been half hidden or taken down to give place to some water colors, and one or two oils that were of the same school as the fiction. A palm in a great Chinese bowl stood by one silk draped window, and there was about the whole atmosphere of the room a luxury, a pampering of the fleshly side of life, that made the man coming in at the doorway stop and hold his breath as though he were entering a place of strange odors.

He dropped the curtain that fell over the door, and met Randolph in the middle of the room.

"My dear fellow," he said heartily, "you are so lapped in luxury here that I hardly knew the place. When did you do all this?"

"Oh, bit by bit," Randolph said carelessly. "The old way seemed bare, somehow. When did you come home?"

"Yesterday. How is your mother? I want to go up tomorrow and see her." The words were said carelessly, but Randolph sprang up as though he had been stung.

"Now, see here, Carston, I know mother has set you at me just as well as I know anything. That's just exactly what she would do. I want to say right here that I am old enough to take care of myself."

"She hasn't seen you for three months."

"I've been so confoundedly busy."

Carston did not smile at this excuse. His errand was too serious. Randolph was his cousin, and Randolph's mother was his best friend, and he had come to do what he could.

"Your mother thinks, we all think, that where the honor of the name is at stake, your mother, who gave you to it, has some right to speak. They say you are going to marry"—Carston stopped as if he could not utter the name.

"Have it all out. They say I am going to marry the French dancer at the Casino. Well?"

"I will not believe it. I have known you, boy and man, Randolph."

"They have also told you, I suppose, that I advised Melton and Clay out of the Western Land Company and swallowed the company. Oh, yes, the public prints keep me advised of my doings."

Carston looked at the strong figure before him in the evening dress, and wondered what had come over the man that had been his cousin. The door opened again, and with her mouth full of words a maid ran into the room.

"If you please, Mr. Randolph, made-moiselle said would you send her, right away, the little box you promised her. I've got the carriage below, waiting;" then she stopped with a little cluck of surprise at seeing Carston.

Randolph walked over to his desk, and opening it, took out a dirty bit of cloth and unrolled it. A gleam of green light came to the eyes of the man and woman across the room. He put the gem into a new velvet box, evidently prepared for it, gave it into the maid's hands, and pushed her gently from the room. Next he turned around and looked at Carston in a dazed fashion for a moment. Then, walking rapidly to the broad windows, he threw them up, so that the crisp, cold air of the evening came rushing in.

He stood by one of them, and a fit of trembling took him. The handkerchief that he passed across his brow was moist.

"Carston," he said, "do you believe that in centuries of evil association inanimate things may become so saturated with it that they give it out like a poison?"

"I am not fanciful," Carston replied, "but there are queer things. People believe in the influence of holy relics. Why not the other thing?"

"Let's go out," Randolph said abruptly. "I want fresh air. I will go up home with you tomorrow and stay a month. That will surely relieve my mother's mind."

"I knew they were lies," Carston said under his breath, as he grasped his cousin's hand. "I had known you too long."

THE SILVER THREAD.*

By Lieut. John Lloyd,

Author of "Captain Adair's Wife."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THE Lady Jane, one of the richest silver mines in Arizona, is threatened by an influx of water, which catastrophe the owners endeavor to prevent by sending East for John Standish, a young mining engineer. The latter devotes his energies towards saving the mine, and incidentally learns that the owners of the Silver Thread, a rival mine close by, are digging for a new and rich lode lately discovered in the Lady Jane. He also convinces himself that the first blow of a pick which strikes the vein will flood their mine.

The Silver Thread is ostensibly owned by Mr. Halloran, a man more weak than unscrupulous, who is heavily in debt to a Tombstone banker named Croft. These two possess in common a secret as to the rightful ownership of the Silver Thread—a secret connected in some way with an old uncle of John Standish. Accordingly they view the latter's presence with suspicion.

In Mr. Halloran's daughter, Katherine, Standish recognizes the girl whom he had met and fallen deeply in love with the previous summer in the East. She had promised to marry him, but had suddenly gone away, leaving him no message or clue to her whereabouts. Standish is naturally astonished to meet this Eastern belle in the frontier town of Tombstone, and, not knowing the cause of her strange conduct, he is puzzled as to what his present relations with her should be.

Croft, who is a suitor for Katherine's hand, becomes vaguely jealous of the young engineer. He intercepts a note to Katherine which confirms his suspicions, and turns his jealousy into bitter hatred. He tries to poison Katherine's mind against Standish by telling her that he has come to Tombstone to steal away her father's mine. Katherine's faith in Standish is shaken by Croft's misrepresentations, and she promises to marry the banker—a decision which has been partially influenced by her father, who has intimated that this alone will extricate him from his troubles.

Jack Torrance, the son of the superintendent of the Lady Jane, has become infatuated with the pretty face of Fanny de Vere, a singer in the Pretty-by-Night Saloon in Tombstone. His passion is but augmented by the half veiled opposition it meets with from his parents.

One night, disguised as a miner, Standish goes down into the Silver Thread to verify his suspicions. As he is returning he passes the private office in the Thread hoisting works, where his attention is attracted by the click of a key turning. As he stops a moment, a light is struck which enables Standish to recognize the occupants. They are Croft and Jenny, a dancing girl from the Pretty-by-Night.

When Standish gets back to the Lady Jane, he finds Torrance and tells him what he has learned of the plans of the owners of the Silver Thread.

XV.

AS Standish spoke, Mr. Torrance arose and walked across the room. Then he turned about his large bulk in the

soiled corduroy clothing he had put on again after dinner, and gave a short laugh.

"I suppose an Eastern philanthropist, one of these fellows who cry over the poor Indian, and think that old Geronimo could be broken of his bad habits by the gift of a boiled shirt and a hymn book, would say that it was a crime to let those men go on until they tap our vein—and water—and destruction—but I am not so sure."

Standish waited to see what the elder man would do. He had told the story in as few words as possible. Indeed, it had hardly been necessary to tell it at all. He had gone into the Silver Thread knowing what he would see, as Torrance knew before he asked the service of him. Standish had not been away from Eastern standards long enough to lose his deep respect for human life, but he wondered how it would be with Torrance.

Here was a kind, generous, just man, whom his miners liked and respected. Only the week before, a poor, consumptive watchman had died, requesting that his body might be buried by his wife in Salt Lake City. There was nobody to bear the expense, and no money to the man's credit; indeed, he was in Mr. Torrance's debt—but the poor fellow's body had been laid beside his wife's without anything being said. Mr. Torrance had made a grumbling remark as the matter was discussed, about "this nonsense of carting dead men about the country," and had requested that he might be buried where he died. Only Standish knew that his charity had carried out the dying man's last request. He wondered now if Mr. Torrance would consider that the miners in the Thread were men with families to support—families who would be destitute in a strange, barren country if the provider was killed. They lived a hand to mouth existence, these men, even with five dollars a day. They knew nothing of saving money. They lived in little boarded

*This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be ordered of any newsdealer, or from the publishers.

houses and ate canned food, but their money went. Standish thought he could see Torrance giving the women money to get home, "back East," where their relatives could take care of them, after the catastrophe was over. There seemed to be a grim humor in the situation.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that if a general considered the men who were going to be killed in battle, there would be no more wars."

"There's some difference between shooting at a man in a fair, open fight that he has come out to seek as much as you have, and letting a lot of poor devils be drowned in a mine. How near are they to our vein?"

"About two hundred feet, I should judge. They are wavering a little, testing here and there, hunting it. Evidently Croft was not able to take his bearings properly, and he is at sea."

"He'll be at sea soon enough," Torrance said grimly. "It's no affair of mine. The Thread is deeper than we are, and they will drain our mine for us. That pump of yours may lie idle."

They were in the assay office near by the hoisting works of the Lady Jane. There were retorts and mortars and delicate scales under glass cases, all around the room, the air of which had not cooled since the furnaces had been put out. They had come in here because the place was deserted.

Some former assayer had found time hanging heavy on his hands, and had taken to stuffing rattlesnakes and Gila monsters and sticking them about the walls. He had probably been a young fellow who had come out from Columbia College, or perhaps the school of mines in Freiburg, full of high ambition, thinking he was going to become an "expert," one of those men who can find mines, and whose written opinions stand high in the market when a mine is being sold to an English syndicate. Then he had discovered—in a time which bore an inverse proportion to the natural intelligence that he brought with him—that a deft fingered boy could be brought in from the mine, or the school, and could learn practical assaying in two hours. He had probably seen that he was the laughing stock of the old miners, and good humoredly tolerated by the superintendent and foreman. They looked upon him as being exactly what he was—another friend or relation that the stockholders back East wanted to provide for.

Dozens of these ambitious young fellows came out to the West with high hopes and dreams. Sometimes they left sweethearts

behind that they were soon going back to marry. And sometimes they were "learning the business," expecting to be put in charge next year. They did learn a little of life, in places where a man is a man, and his relations in New York are absolutely unknown and uncared about; and if they had any good material, they got along somewhere. If they were worthless, the good for nothingness exhibited itself a little earlier here than it would have done at home. In any case, they passed on and left the assay office to the men who ground the ore, and did the weighing.

Torrance took one of the Gila monsters in his hand. It was a queer looking lizard about a foot long, which bore every appearance of having been made out of harmless black and white beads.

"I always have a sort of sympathy for these things," he said. "A child may play with one for years, and it is a sociable and agreeable companion. It will allow itself to be dragged about by a string, tied up like a dog, and generally ill treated; but if a man treats it to any indignity, it sets its teeth in his finger, and there is another tragedy in the camp!"

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Torrance," Standish said, "that I mean to warn the men of what will happen when they approach the Lady Jane vein. I am going to tell them they will bring the water on their heads with the last blow of their picks. If they will not believe it otherwise, I am going to ask their shift boss to go into the mine."

Torrance laughed. "Croft oughtn't to make any mistakes. I am sure he has the liberty of looking at this handsome map whenever he chooses." He shook out an elaborate piece of ornamented parchment which hung against the wall of the assay office. "It was made by young Mr. Yates, who was educated in Paris as a mining engineer."

Mr. Torrance had left the map on the wall of the assay office. He had one in his own desk which he had made himself, with the help of the timberman in charge.

"I cannot see men sacrificed," Standish said simply.

Torrance sat down on an upturned candle box. "Your warning will corroborate what is getting to be generally believed through the camp—that you are trying to prove yourself the owner of the Silver Thread. A man would naturally want to preserve his own property."

"Where did that story originate?" Standish asked quietly.

"It has come to be generally talked among the men that you are the owner of the Thread. It seems to have originated with Jenny, the dancing girl at the Pretty-by-Night. I heard it from Gooley, Croft's Chinaman."

Standish looked at the man before him with an astonishment which Torrance did not seem to see.

"Gooley came up here with some black-mailing letters he wanted to sell to me," Torrance went on. "I told him I would kick him down the hill if he didn't go, but he managed to throw out that bit of information as a taunt before he left. It is no business of mine whether it is true or not, only it might be well to know exactly how you stand in relation to the Thread."

"The Silver Thread mine is absolutely nothing to me," Standish said, "but I will not see these men sacrificed by bringing the water on their heads. What is the talk of a mining town to me?"

"Nothing, I suppose, nor the talk of any other place. A locomotive might as well worry over the trash it carries along the track. But I am glad that the Silver Thread is nothing to you. It is a mine dug to ill luck. My wife says Halloran told her yesterday that Katherine would marry Croft."

Standish looked out of the open doorway. He could see the distant Dragoon mountains, and a row of beer bottles on a board that the boys had set up to shoot at. In some way they typified to him the largeness and the smallness of life.

Katherine was going to marry Croft, and Croft was now—*now*—keeping an appointment with Jacoby's sweetheart, Jenny, the dancing girl. It all made him a little sick. And then he realized that he was a man. He would go to Katherine, whether she would write to him or not, and he would lay his claims, his affection, before her, and he would take her away from that contemptible Croft. He would not humiliate her by telling her that Croft was faithless. He would conquer by the might of his own affection.

He could hardly wait for morning to come that he might go to her. He arose and walked up and down the little wooden building, the loose floor jarring under his feet in their heavy miner's boots. In his heart was the sense of possession, the sense that his own was being taken from him. Standish felt again in himself the elements that had come to the surface in that morning fight with the Indians. He was a man, and he wanted to combat for his own. He

was ready to fight, and was ready to pit himself against Croft. There may be men with that nice sense which makes them scorn to go into the field with another man, but the air of Arizona is not conducive to such refinements.

"Of course," Torrance went on, "it is all on account of Croft's hold on Halloran, according to my wife. But I don't know. There is no accounting for a woman's taste, as I said the other day. He is a scoundrel, but I suppose the young woman is accustomed to them. Her father is one—and a weak one at that. You can't pick figs from thistles."

"Miss May—Miss Halloran is a very——"

Standish hardly knew what he was going to say, except that it was to be something in Katherine's defense. Torrance finished it out for him:

"Handsome woman! She is an attractive woman, too. But even by Eastern standards Croft is a man well worth a poor girl's marrying, considered from the side on which people consider good matches. He isn't so much worse than other men. I despise his sneaking ways, but that is a matter of temperament. Perhaps if I were constituted as Croft is, I wouldn't be any worse than I am. I fight with different weapons, but I fight when the time comes. I suppose I ought to tell Croft that Gooley is following his lead, sneaking his secrets and selling them for what he can get; but I don't care."

Torrance was in, what was for him, a disturbed mood. The dust and dirt of mining camps had begrimed a naturally fine, sympathetic, generous nature. He had seen mine and thine become simply a matter of stronger wit and stronger arm for so many years that the fineness of other standards than those of expediency was lost to him. He pretended to himself that it would be a fine moment when the water came through the rocks in a mighty flood, tearing, rending, ruining the Silver Thread forever!

Croft had seen the new vein before the water had been allowed to go in over it; and not three men in the mine knew that that part of the drift was not clear. It had been boarded up, work was stopped there, and they thought no more about it. Most of them went to their daily toil like animals, perfectly unconscious of the location of the part of the mine they happened to be in.

Standish had continued to look out at the door. Once or twice he thought he had heard a burro moving through the weeds and dusty stones that lay outside. There

were dozens of them loose about the town, and he had paid no attention to the sound. Again it came—a noise as of a foot that slipped. Torrance put his head out of the window, striking a wax match as he did so. Standish walked out of the door, just in time to see a man scurrying away, half bent.

Torrance sent an oath and a pistol shot after him, as he disappeared in the blackness below the dump.

"The Thread's secret is a secret no longer," he said grimly.

XVI.

MRS. TORRANCE had been sitting miserably alone for days. Her husband was "busy." It seemed to her that he was busier than he had ever been since she had known him.

Every morning he started away in the little, light black buggy which was comfortably filled by his own size, to visit the group of silver mines of which the Lady Jane was only one.

Mrs. Torrance asked no questions, even when he put on his mining clothes after dinner and left her while he went back to the works. Jack she had not seen to talk to, for days. She could take no interest in botany. She had taken a dislike to it on that day when she had found Jack and Miss de Vere together. It seemed that the humble weeds that she had carried home were in some way connected with the disaster, and she had flung them down the hill, among the riotous, self seeding zinnias, those brilliant, haunting, papery things that will grow anywhere, and that were industriously trying to brighten the dump.

There was no pleasure in taking her low pony phaeton and driving through the town. There had been a time when she had found that interesting. The medley of Chinamen, Scandinavians, Mexicans, and Jews who made up the daytime street population, had looked picturesque. But now, the shop windows with their cheap finery made her ill. The de Vere wore none of the gaudy things they displayed, but in Mrs. Torrance's eyes she belonged to the class that did, and they struck her with a sense of personal disgrace.

Her Jack!

"Perhaps," poor Mrs. Torrance said to herself as she sat on the deserted veranda, her hands folded in her lap with an air of placidity that deceived everybody, "perhaps I have not been careful enough to provide him with healthy amusement. Perhaps I should have—but *Jack!* I should

as soon have thought of providing amusement to keep myself out of mischief!"

All at once it came over her that she must do something. Inaction was killing her. She went down to the gate through the alfalfa—grown at a cost of eight dollars a day for work and water, and covering a space of fifty feet square—and putting her hands to her lips like a school boy, called for "Lou," the red faced keeper of the corral. In ten minutes she was driving the phaeton over the way to the Thread. She could easily have walked around the hill, sparing herself two miles of dusty drive, but that would have necessitated passing Nelly's, with the possibility of seeing that horrible woman—and, worst of all, Jack with her. Mrs. Torrance, like some other commendable people, had made up her mind to turn Jack into new ways, and she was already beginning to pretend that she had forgotten the old ones. Optimism had been the sunshine of her life.

She was driving by a house very much like her own, half way down the hill, when she heard the sound of a call, a laughing call, and saw the waving of a white chiffon parasol. To Mrs. Torrance's own surprise, there entered into her heart a sense of relief.

The owner of the parasol was rather inclined to be stout, but she had made up her mind to conceal the fact as long as possible—from herself. The white skirt of muslin that Mrs. Savage was holding over her arm, out of the dust, was ruffles and embroidery and lace, and the petticoat under it was silk. Silk skirts had scarcely made their way into the camp as yet. The waist was silk too, blue, with little tags of ribbon and steel buckles. Mrs. Savage had on a "morning dress." She had had it made in Denver from designs in a Paris fashion magazine. She had just got back to Tombstone, and had seen nobody.

"I know exactly where you are going," she called out—"to see Miss Halloran. I haven't heard anything but Miss Halloran. All the boys here"—she waved her hand toward three or four who sat about the veranda, mostly young fellows from the East who were thinking of Mrs. Savage when they wrote letters home and said that some of the married ladies in the camp were "fun"—"all the boys here talk of nothing else. How's Jack?"

She asked the question in the lightest and easiest way, but Mrs. Torrance winced, because she knew that "Jack" had been the first topic discussed. It is all very well to talk about young men being loyal to each other, and keeping each other's secrets,

Young men are much like young women. Mrs. Savage had announced that she was confidante for the camp, and that they were to tell her all the mischief they had been in since she left; and if they couldn't remember any of their own shortcomings, they were to tell her those of other people. So they had little by little told her of Jack Torrance's open infatuation for the *Pretty-by-Night* singer.

There was, too, quite a fascination in being allowed to tell such a story to a lady. It was a brand new experience. The ladies they knew at home—well, the boys had no idea what they would have done had any young man poured such a story into their ears. But it seemed all right to tell Mrs. Savage anything. She asked the frankest questions.

"Jack Torrance? Well!" she said with genuine surprise. "Well, he is cutting his eye teeth! That child! How does mama take it?"

And at that instant "mama" had come along the road, and Mrs. Savage had gone to meet her.

"Hasn't Jack been over?" Mrs. Torrance asked. "When did you come back?"

"This morning. I am a widdy lady. Mr. Savage expected to meet me here, but he sent me a telegram that he would be detained in Mexico a week longer, and for me to go over to the Fort; but there seems to be more life here. Where are you going?"

"Over to see Miss Halloran."

"Just as I supposed. I'd make you come in here, but I believe I will go with you. I want to see her. They say—the boys here say—that she is more reckless than I am; that she got you all in the worst sort of a mess, and nearly broke up the Broadway mill, fighting Indians over there. I am going over to call upon her. Wait a minute."

The young men on the veranda made no question of being left alone. They would stay there and drink lime juice and soda and play cards, if they liked, until they were tired. When Mrs. Savage came out again with a hat the equal of the rest of her costume, one young fellow, whose canvas garments were decorated with candle grease in relief, and who had a tennis racket under his arm, came down to assist his hostess into the phaeton, making some remarks about "Denver manners," which apparently permitted guests to be treated in such fashion; but neither of the ladies paid any attention to him whatever.

Mrs. Torrance drove her horse at a lively pace over the smooth, park-like road.

"They tell me the girl is going to marry Croft," were the first words her companion uttered.

"Mr. Halloran told me so the other day, but I didn't know that it was announced."

"Announced!" Mrs. Savage said scornfully. "Do you suppose that Halloran is going to wait for conventional announcements, or anything else, when he has Croft's credit to back him? I am anxious to make Miss Halloran's acquaintance. She must be deep. To get the miners calling her a saint and a 'lady,' the boys all saying that she is up to anything, and knows how to hold her own—and to catch Croft! Well, I call that genius. I will go over and learn her tricks."

Croft had always been peculiarly offensive to Mrs. Savage, and she could afford to be good natured to the girl who was going to marry him. They went down through the town and on out to the Thread house.

Katherine and Croft were sitting on the veranda, he with a note book in his hand and the air of having come on business. He had not fretted Katherine with love making. He had been quite courteous, and he had not pressed her for any haste in marrying him. He had taken up her father's burdens already, and Halloran's recuperated spirit had taken on almost an air of renewed youth. He never went near the mine. With his other burdens, he had cast his conscience upon Croft, who seemed to be quite able to bear the load.

As the heavy phaeton which Mrs. Torrance drove came under the porte cochère, Croft and Katherine rose and stepped forward. Mrs. Torrance introduced her companion as they alighted.

"You need not have the horses taken away. We have only come for a moment. Mrs. Savage wanted to see you—you are on exhibition, Miss Halloran—but I came over to ask a question. Isn't this camp too dull?"

"There is a prospect of its being livelier, I believe," Croft said. To Katherine's ears his words carried a hint of the strike which he had told her was in the air; but as he looked at Mrs. Savage she smiled her thanks for his appreciation of her arrival. "It is as dull as possible, and I have been wondering why we can't have a dance in Schefflin Hall. Ned Schefflin will let us have it, for I will ask him."

"It's a good thing I came back, Miss Halloran," Mrs. Savage said, "and I am grateful to you for being here. The last dance we had there were seventy five men, and eight of us who danced. I threatened

to send for the girl from the Pretty-by-Night to finish out my card." Mrs. Savage mentioned the well known saloon as though it had been the best and most favorably known resort on the continent.

Katherine had never before heard the name of Tombstone's gathering place, but she understood that the allusion was for some reason not in good taste. Mrs. Torrance stooped down and patted the head of one of the greyhounds that lay beside her.

"Isn't Gringo a beauty?" Katherine said, at once turning the talk to the dog, while Mrs. Savage enjoyed the effect of her remark.

Croft's eyebrows had come together.

"Ah, ha, my friend," Mrs. Savage was saying to herself. "Are we so careful of our new sweetheart that we cannot let her hear about spades even when we call them agricultural implements?"

"Have you ever seen that pretty dancing girl, Miss Halloran?" she went on. "In New York they are sending out to the variety theaters and bringing in the dancers to entertain evening parties. I heard of a young man the other day who was given a 'farewell to the gay world' banquet the night before he was married, and with the cigars an enormous mound of flowers was brought in. At the right moment a dancer arose from its center and spun around on the table. I have never seen Jenny dance, but from what the boys tell me, I imagine she could do that."

She looked at him meaningly, intending to give him to understand that his engagement was an open secret, even though he had not seen fit to tell his friends. Then, with that luck which some people, especially those with a talent for blague, seem to have of stumbling upon conversational home thrusts, Mrs. Savage went on:

"They say that the point of the story lay in the fact that the dancer was an old sweetheart of the retiring young bachelor."

Croft's face grew as white as Arizona sun and natural swarth would allow. He arose with his customary deliberation, and asked that he might be excused, as he had some business to attend to with Mr. Halloran. He went down the veranda and through the corridors with a slow, echoing step; but every footfall held a determination to make Mrs. Savage and her husband suffer for this insult.

In his heart was black rage and fury against Jenny. It could only have been her tongue that had carried the story. He might have known that such a woman could not keep a secret. Why should she?

He was a conquest of which she was proud. And he—he—he had promised to marry her, or she had talked of some such nonsense. And all the time she was making him the laughing stock of the camp. He cursed the girl's pretty face, and the appealing air, the feminine helplessness, which had touched something in his heart which he had not known was there. He never meant to marry Jenny, but—he shut his eyes to the future. He meant to marry Katherine, and hold his head up among men; but he cared enough for Jenny not to let her know it yet.

Croft was furious and afraid. He forced himself to go back to Katherine after he saw the phaeton drive away. She was sitting where he had left her, her hands idle over a book. She greeted him with a friendly smile that held in it some comradeship. It was as though she had in a measure appealed to his good humored criticism of her late guest.

Reassured by her expression, he would not soften. He did not sit down, but stood for an instant, his well made but too heavily ringed hand against one of the dull square pillars.

"I know you will pardon me, and understand me, when I say that Mrs. Savage is hardly——"

Katherine's lip curled.

"It is hardly necessary to tell me that. I may not see anything wrong with Nelly, but Mrs. Savage——"

"She has been about mining camps, and with her husband's friends, until she has lost the bloom. She has no fine sense of what she is talking about. She does not even know wherein her offense lies." Croft spoke with tender, gentlemanly gravity. "She had no right to speak to you of such persons."

"They came to ask me to help them with a dance." There was a question in her tone.

"Do so by all means," Croft said. "I believe it was Mrs. Torrance's idea. Mrs. Torrance is not Mrs. Savage. She is greatly worried just now over her son, and I suppose wants to take him into a new atmosphere, to interest him in new people." There was almost a tone of fatherliness in Croft's voice. "Jack Torrance is a young fool, but they are good people in a way."

XVII.

In those days they had in Tombstone an association known as "The Missionaries." It was supposed to bring into the lives of

socially stranded young men some of the pleasures of civilization as it is known in centers where the saloon is not the chief gathering place. Mrs. Torrance was known as the "high priestess," because all the entertainments depended upon her talent for organization. This one was held in Schefflin Hall. All the chairs had been taken away, and there had been spotty efforts to wax the floor. It was not a well matched floor, and one of the young Canadians said that dancing on it reminded him of jumping holes in spring ice.

It was the first of the dances that Standish had attended, and he dressed for it with trembling eagerness. He saw before him an opportunity to see Katherine. She would probably dance with him if he came early enough. As he tied his necktie he hummed over the silly little refrain of "My Queen," to which he had danced with her back there at the Pier last summer. His pulse ran along with the notes, and so did his memories. She had been engaged to him then, and she had given his little finger the least little squeeze in the dance. He looked at it now, almost in doubt as to its being the same finger. Were they the same people? The change had been so entire, so abrupt. He had been a boy then, he was a man now. He said he was a man, with a determination to act a man's part, to claim his own out of the world.

He went up to Mrs. Torrance's house to go down to the hall with her, as he had promised. Jack would go too, but Mrs. Torrance wanted Standish's advice, she said. She pitied herself a little because she had to ask a stranger to come to break the ice that was forming between her and Jack. She had never had any experiences like this. She was so frank and open, unaccustomed to having any feelings which she must conceal, that her efforts were pitiful to Standish, and altogether exasperating to Jack.

The hall was empty when they arrived, except for the musicians, who had been selected from the Fourth Cavalry band at Fort Huachuca. The bandmen were tuning up their instruments on the stage. There was a gallery on the opposite side of the room that had been draped with flags, and set about with a row of huge century plants, striped green and white, in lieu of palms.

"We want *some* sort of a cozy nook to—well, to button our gloves in," Mrs. Savage had said. She had brought down two or three Japanese screens and set them about among the straw chairs. The gallery was

approached by a steep inclosed staircase, down which the procession must go in single file.

Standish and Jack were all over the place in a moment, admiring everything.

"I haven't been to a dance for a long time," Standish said. "I wonder if I may select one of the waltzes;" and he went over and made himself gracious to the band master, and asked that the fourth waltz might be "My Queen."

He had even forgotten that Jack Torrance would hardly speak to him, in his boyish excitement. He ignored anything so trivial as a personal quarrel. He forgot that there might be any feeling about his possible claims to the Thread; everything was lost in the fact that she was "coming, my queen, my queen"—and presently he would be turning about to the sound of the strings, vibrating with his heart, "my queen, my queen!" She must remember. The battle would be won!

The hall filled before he knew it. They seemed to come in all together, with a rush. The number of gowns was ridiculously small, but they were very smart gowns—the wearer of one of them put an advertisement in the Tombstone *Epilaph* the next day, offering fifty dollars reward for a button lost from her bodice—and the voices that accompanied them covered a good deal of territory. And why should it not be a gay company, when every lady, married or single, could have four times as many partners as she wanted? The wall flowers were all black coated.

Katherine did not come. The first dance went by, and found Standish leaning against the wall. The second passed, the third, and even the fourth—the waltz he had dreamed of began its well marked beating.

Mrs. Savage, gorgeous in a white satin with silver trimming, this hot night, her embonpoint just a trifle too conspicuous about the tops of her shoulder blades, stopped before him.

"I see," she said laughing, "that you are a modest youth, and that if I am—" and then she stopped, for she saw that Standish was not heeding her in the least, that his eyes were on Katherine Halloran coming in at the door.

"Well, upon my word!" Mrs. Savage said. "Another one!" And she turned about to find something upon which to salve her wounded vanity.

Mrs. Savage had a born love of mischief. She was like Iago—she loved evil for evil's sake. If she could find a smooth place she

loved to try her hand at ruffling it. She liked to feel her own power, and there had been a hurt in her own life once, which she felt could never be sufficiently smoothed down until it was expiated by a thousand pains given to other people.

Jack Torrance, moody, wondering how soon he could get away, was right beside her, and she put on all of her smiles for him. Jack had liked her jolly ways. In his heart he didn't think she was quite a lady. When he married Fanny de Vere, he certainly wouldn't like to see her intimate with Mrs. Savage; but she was like an oasis in a desert tonight.

"Jack," she said, putting a familiar hand upon his arm, "come and get me a big goblet of champagne frappé with a spoon in it, and bring it up stairs, and let me relax myself for about ten minutes."

After she was settled, she crossed her feet on a hassock and drew in the champagne with a solemn joy.

"They tell me, Jack," she said between her sips, "that this sort of inane respectability is beginning to pall on your young soul."

"Whoever told you that was mistaken," Jack returned, from the other side of his own glass. "I haven't left off champagne for whisky yet."

Mrs. Savage laughed as though this were wit.

"I meant this whole joyous occasion—all of us," waving her hand toward the crowd below. They were over in a corner by a window, quite out of hearing, and screened from view. "It is very unkind of you, too, because this whole affair is upon your account."

"My account?" Jack set down his glass.

"Yes, all about you. You're the prodigal we are snaring back into the fold of respectability. Those drums are beating for thee! That wail of stringed things is a call to your heart. Say, Jack, it puts me in mind of living bees by beating on a tin pan."

"Will you please tell me, Mrs. Savage, what you mean?"

"Just as though you didn't know! Now, seriously, I am a student of human nature, a close student. I want you, as an old friend, to give me some information. Does the sight of Tombstone frolicking about to the sound of the army band, and the fun of sitting behind a screen with an old friend, wean you from the Pretty-by-Night and the fair de Vere?"

Mrs. Savage looked into a face that frightened her. She had expected to em-

barrass Jack, and put him into a bad humor with his people for "babying" him. She had never contemplated arousing what she beheld in the slender, dark face. She seemed to see nothing but two eyes blazing. She gave an easy little laugh. She thought that perhaps the champagne had gone to her head, and she was seeing things queerly. She had had that experience before.

Jack stood up.

"Thank you, Mrs. Savage, for your observation. Is there any one you would like to have me send to you? Or would you like to go down stairs? No? Good night! I have an engagement to take Miss de Vere home, and I fear I am already a little late."

XVIII.

CROFT had not come to the dance. He had called and given Katherine his excuses, and asked her if she thought them sufficient. He always treated her opinion with studied deference in these days, never by any chance doing anything—of which she knew or was likely to know—without giving her a full statement of the case. His reasons had been sufficient, and she had finally carried her father off with her to the dance.

It seemed hours to Standish before he was able to reach her, but it was only through one dance and dozens of greetings. At last he was able to get near enough to ask her for a dance—a waltz—and after she had allowed him to put his name down on the very much gilded program which had emanated from the *Epitaph* printing office, he went back and begged that "My Queen" might be played again.

The band master was cold, scornful, but yielding.

"These Westerners don't know anything about the new music," he said to his first violin. "They will be asking me to play 'Pinafore' tunes next."

It had been a concession that she saw no way of getting out of for Katherine to let John Standish put his name down upon her card, but when she realized that it was there she made up her mind that she would not dance with him. It was insolence in him to expect it. She would forget it. But try as she would, the dances before were but an introduction to it. Through every note, every step, she felt herself coming toward that moment when Standish would come to claim her. As the dance before ended she took her partner's arm and started toward the steep stairs. Standish watched her go, and when she was settled in the corner

where Jack and Mrs. Savage had been but a moment before, he followed them.

"I think, Miss Halloran," he said politely, "that this is our dance."

The young man with her was very young and rather shy. He arose at once, and with one or two stiff sentences backed himself out, while Standish, with an ease which belied the beating of his heart, took his seat. It was at that instant that the band swung into the opening bars of the popular old waltz. They looked into each other's eyes and he saw that she remembered.

"Katherine," he said, "what is this coolness between us?"

"Coolness?" she replied, in a tone that matched the word.

"Misunderstanding, then. You went away last summer as my promised wife. You gave me your promise. It is one from which I never released you."

Katherine kept perfect control of her voice. "You released me from that promise in the hour when I asked you to forgive me, and you refused."

"Will you not tell me why you treated me as you did?"

"I—I heard—I——"

"Heard what?"

"I heard that you—" To save her life she could not tell him that she had thought herself a great heiress, and had heard that he boasted of being the prospective owner of the Silver Thread mine. She hated herself for her folly and blindness in the light of later developments.

"I saw you in the Thread," she whispered finally.

Standish would have laughed had it not all been so serious to him. He did not even remind her that her desertion of him had been last summer, and her discovery of him in the Thread the week before.

"Why should I not go into the Thread? You and your people visit the Lady Jane whenever you choose."

"I asked you to forgive me in the face of death, and you refused."

"No, I did not refuse. I had hardly taken in the fact, the incredible fact, that it was you. The girl that had deserted me owed me something of an explanation. I did not want her to offer me forgiveness for I knew not what crime. I must have done something. But since that night I have realized that I care for nothing but for you to come back to me. I am willing to trust you. I believe that you loved me then. I believe that you love me now." Standish grew bolder with memories and with Katherine's weak fencing.

"How can I love a man who has come here to rob my father?"

"By what channel has that story reached you?" Standish asked after a pause. "Let me tell you that I have no possible or prospective interest in the Silver Thread. When I came out here I was interested in the mine, knowing it was a rich mine, and that my old uncle had some claim to it. At that time I no more connected you with it than I connected you with the Lady Jane mine. You were Miss May to me. Since I have been here I have discovered that it is an utterly worthless piece of property. If it belonged to me, I should abandon it. I have so written to my uncle. Why should the question of money—or anything—come between us, Katherine? You are mine!"

"No! No!" she said, as he put his brown hand, ungloved, upon hers. "You must not. I have promised to marry Mr. Croft."

"That you had no right to do. You had promised to marry me, and I shall hold you to it. I shall say as much to Croft."

"No! You must not. You shall not. He has my word."

"Katherine," Standish said, "what is your word to another man—the word you had no right to give—weighed in the balance against your love for me? I cannot go away from you. I shall come back again and again. You are my own, by your own word, my own. I love you, and I will not give you up to a scoundrel like Croft!"

Katherine arose.

"It is unmanly of you to speak so of a man who has never injured you," she said, and her voice trembled.

"But he has injured *you*."

"I will not listen."

"You were ready enough to listen to something against me."

"Perhaps I have given you the right to think me faithless, but I find myself justified in my belief in your character. Promises do not hold with a dishonorable man"—she corrected herself hastily—"with a man who does not accept your overtures when they are made. You let me go. It is no defense to revile another man—my best friend."

"I do not know why you call me dishonorable," Standish said. "I have never known why you deserted me in the first place. I did not intend to bring Mr. Croft's name into the discussion. If he is really dear to you, I have nothing more to say. You have a right to marry whom you choose—the man you love. Here is Captain Coleman. I will leave you."

Katherine talked to Coleman with a feverish lightness, while underneath she was saying over and over, "Why did he wait so long? Why does he come at me like that? Why is Croft a scoundrel?"

Going down the stairs Standish was calling himself a fool for his haste, for his passion, for his lack of self control. He almost determined that he would go then and there to Croft and tell him that he knew the story of Jenny, and that Miss Halloran's father should know it unless the engagement was given up. All sorts of mad ideas came into his head, all of which he was too sensible to carry out. He had thought himself too sensible to do what he had done. His storming had failed, and he found himself more in love with her than ever.

Up stairs, Coleman was finding Miss Halloran puzzling. He said afterward that "she talked like a girl in a book." She asked him what he thought of renunciation, and if duty was after all of more value than love. It encouraged him in the suit he had been pressing ever since he first met her. He had come into the town late on his way to a distant "water hole," and had come to the dance in his field uniform, intending to stay an hour and ride after his troop. He forgot everything now, and sat down and listened and answered, and then asked Katherine Halloran to marry him—only to be looked at with indignant astonishment and refused with bare civility.

Standish met Mr. Torrance at the foot of the stairs, evidently looking for him.

"Come out here," the superintendent said, taking Standish by the arm. "Here is the very devil to pay. Come up here somewhere out of sight and sound of this kicking crowd. Where's Jack?"

"Here somewhere."

"Is he? Well, I can't find him anywhere. I want to send him out to the outlying mines to warn the foremen. The men are going to strike for higher wages in the morning—my men and all—damn 'em! Some spy heard our talk about the men in the Thread, and they have gone out from fear. My men have left me because after my contemplated plan of letting Croft tap the Jane's vein of water as well as ore, I am a murderer."

Torrance laughed. He had diamond buttons in the broad expanse of his white shirt, and they sparkled gaily. People probably thought he was telling Standish one of his famous stories.

"Croft is calling the informer a liar, and ordering his men back to work," he went

on. "I believe he has been standing in the hoisting works making a speech. I'll bet a twenty it was a grammatical speech, too, telling them that I had made up that lie about the probable tapping of the Lady Jane, because he was paying the men living wages. Where is Jack? I must have a force in the hoisting works by morning, and we must get the guns over there."

"Who told you this?"

"Nelly. She said that that singing girl heard it all, and came home and told her—which I call uncommonly clever of her." Mr. Torrance had entirely forgotten, in the stress of the past few days, that Jack was in disgrace on account of the singing girl. "I'll give her something when this trouble's over. Don't mention this to my wife," he added hastily, as Mrs. Torrance came towards them.

"Where is Jack?" she asked Standish, looking from one to the other.

"He is about somewhere," his father said. "I am looking for him. I'll have to take him away for a little while. There's a man at the hotel he must see."

"Well, the way you have taken to seeing men on business at all hours of the night is simply ridiculous. There is just as much time here as there is anywhere." She stood chatting, never noticing that as a man came by and spoke to her he was beckoned to by her husband, and that several of them had already slipped out into the night.

Nothing was said to Coleman. They did not mean to bring in soldiers. It gave a bad name to the camp, and it probably would not be necessary. Torrance meant to bring in new men from Bisbee. Copper mining was not very flourishing just now, and he knew there were plenty of non union men over there who would work for less wages with the chances of a fight on their hands.

He scribbled a note to Jack on one of the dancing programs, and sent it out by a messenger, telling him to go everywhere and bring back Jack at once. Mrs. Torrance had a jealous fear at her heart that her plan had failed after all, and that Jack had gone off with the singer, even from the dance that was to amuse him.

The messenger was not gone long. He brought the same program doubled again. Mr. Torrance had moved away and Mrs. Torrance in her eagerness opened it. It was a curt request that Jack's clothing might be sent to the hotel. He might not be at home for some days.

(To be continued.)

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE ALPS.

The most adventurous and exhilarating of athletic sports, and its rapid advance in popularity—The perils and the attractions of ascents to the realm of everlasting snow and ice in the mountaineer's Swiss playground.

By William S. Bridgman.

MOUNTAIN climbing, as a sport, is one of the modern inventions. Thirty or forty years ago, when the dwellers of the Alpine valleys first saw tourists attempting to scale the huge icy heaps of rocks above them, they inquired what form of acute mania it could be that drove these misguided strangers to risk their lives in so utterly useless an undertaking. Today, these same natives may still fail to perceive just where the pleasure of the thing comes in; but they no longer look upon the mountain climber as a curiosity. He comes in regiments nowadays, he penetrates everywhere, and he hails from all the civilized countries; and catering to his needs has become one of the chief industries of Switzerland.

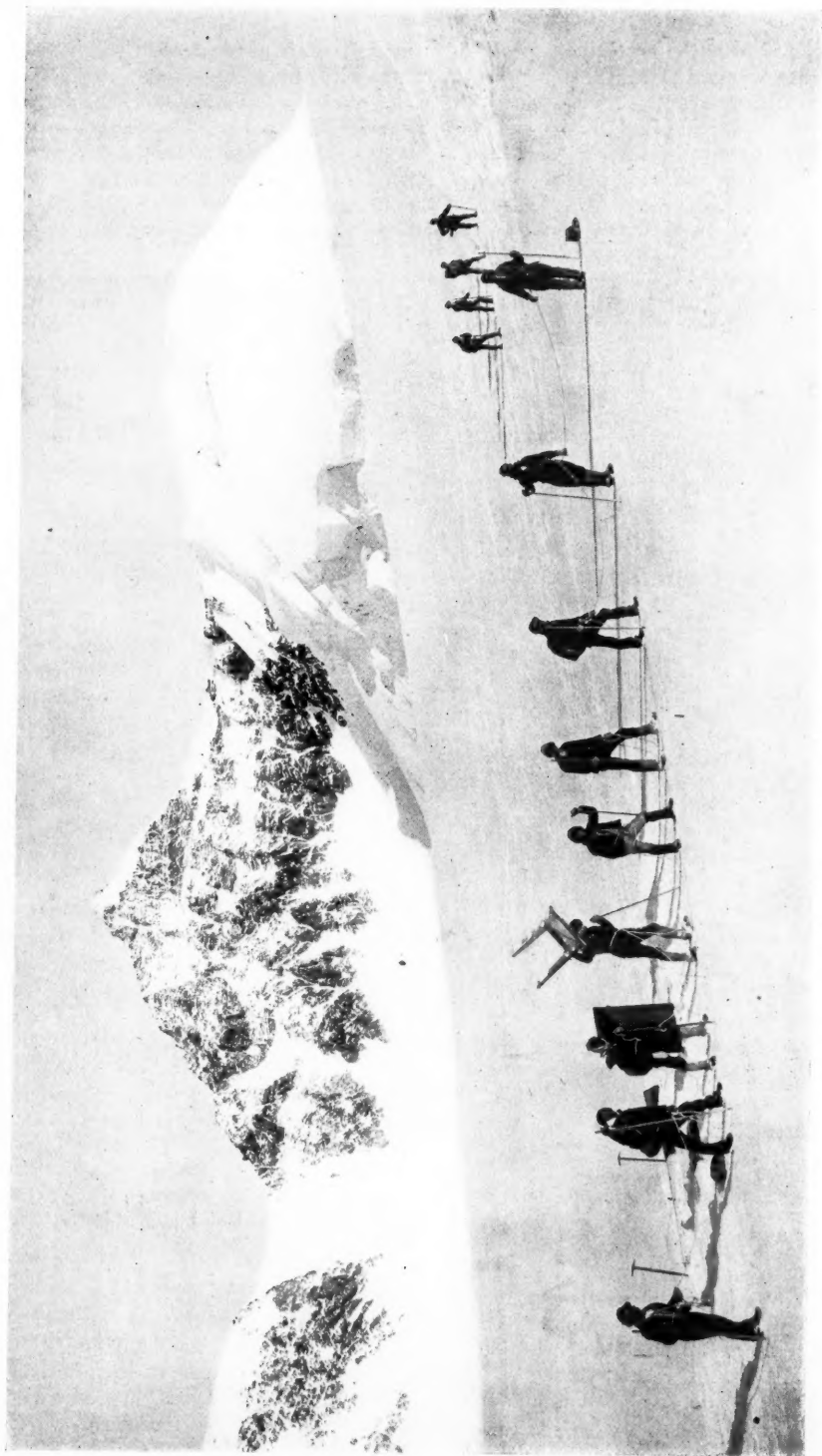
Human nature is full of contradictions. Never were there so many appliances of luxury, never was so much attention paid to bodily comforts, as today; and yet this is the age that has seen the wonderful development of athleticism, of the spirit that undertakes hard physical toil for the sheer love of it. "Labor and pleasure, in their natures opposite, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection," said Livy nineteen centuries ago; and never was the principle so strikingly illustrated as in these latter days upon the steep slopes of Matterhorn or Dent Blanche.

The Alps have been so thoroughly explored; mapped, and climbed in the last few decades that the more adventurous mountaineers, sighing for new worlds to conquer, have gone to the loftiest peaks of other regions. The Russian

Caucasus and the Rockies of our own West have attracted some of them. There have been expeditions to Kilimanjaro and to Mt. St. Elias. Whymper, one of the most famous of pioneer climbers, has scaled the Cordilleras of South America; Conway has reached still greater heights in the Himalayas of Cashmere.

A great, snow clad, ice girt peak is the most magnificent object of nature, and the prospect from its summit can never lose its impressive grandeur. But to the true mountain climber scenery is a secondary consideration. He loves his toilsome sport purely for its own sake. To him a tall peak is a kingdom to be won. Its difficulties are a challenge. When Whymper made one of his first ascents, that of Mont Pelvoux, which had been reputed the highest of the French Alps, he saw from its top that behind it, shut off by a tremendous gorge, was another summit, unmistakably a little higher. "I was troubled in spirit about that mountain," he said afterwards, "and my thoughts often reverted to the great wall sided peak." Nor could he find peace of mind until he made a special expedition to Dauphiné to attack and conquer it.

Such an enthusiast will not allow nature to have inaccessible spots. His crowning glory is to reach some height where the foot of man never trod before. The known pathway, the ascent that has already been proved possible, lose their charm for him. He complains that the Alps have become the familiar playground of the Cockney tourist, that there are beaten tracks to the mountain



On the Lys Glacier—Men Carrying Material for the Margherita Hut to the Summit of Monte Rosa.
From a photograph by Vittorio Sella.

tops, and even the intolerable profanation of cog wheel railways.

Yet there is still abundant field for adventure in the high Alps, and the spice of danger is almost everywhere, even for the experienced and wary. Each season has its list of accidents. There are the fierce winds and thunder

intervals of about twenty feet—advanced alone while his companions rested. He had gone but a few steps along the arête, or ridge, when a mass of frozen snow broke away beneath him. "As he staggered for a second," Whymper says, "one foot in the act of stepping, and the other on the falling mass, I thought



The Quintino Sella Hut, Monte Rosa.

From a photograph by Vittorio Sella.

storms of the lofty altitudes. There is constant peril from falls of snow, ice, and rock—there are spots where the falling débris of the mountain keep up an almost continual cannonade. For hours together, in scaling some precipitous slope, a slip, a false step, may mean death. There are the glaciers, with their yawning crevasses bridged by treacherous films of ice.

Here is a sample incident related by Whymper in his "Scrambles Among the Alps," when one of the Swiss guides, laying aside the mountaineer's great safeguard—the rope that binds the members of a climbing party together at

him lost; but he happily fell on the right side and stopped himself. Had he taken the step with his right instead of his left foot, he would in all probability have fallen several hundred feet without touching anything, and would not have been arrested before reaching the glacier below, a vertical distance of at least three thousand feet." Many, many times has such a mishap occurred with no lucky chance to avert the tragedy.

The skill attained by these natives of the Alps, who have made climbing their profession in response to the tourists' demand for the services of guides and porters, is something marvelous. To

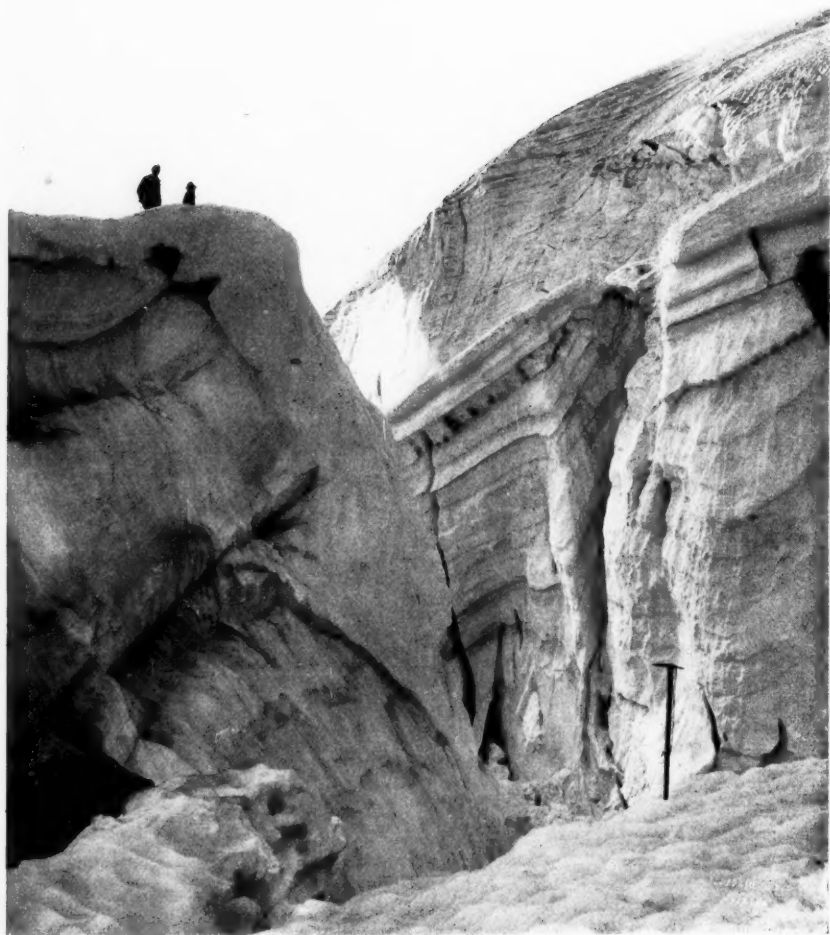


A Crevasse in the Aletsch Glacier.

From a photograph by Vittorio Sella.

quote again from Whymper, where he tells how one of them—Croz—led his party, through a thick fog, along the difficult Glacier de Pilatte, in Dauphiné : “ On this almost unknown and very steep glacier he was perfectly at home, even in the mist. Never able to see fifty feet ahead, he still went on with the utmost certainty, and without having to

retrace a single step. Now he cut steps down one side of a sérac ” (a hummock or ridge in the ice), “ went with a dash at the other side, and hauled us up after him ; then cut away along a ridge until a point was gained from which we could jump on to another ridge ; then, doubling back, found a snow bridge over which he crawled on hands and knees, and



A Crevasse in the Gabelhorn Glacier.

From a photograph by Vittorio Sella

towed us across by the legs, ridiculing our apprehensions, mimicking our awkwardness, declining all help, bidding us only to follow him."

Of this Croz it was said that "he was happy only when above the level of ten thousand feet." He was destined, not long afterward, to meet a tragic death in the terrible accident of July, 1865, on

the Matterhorn. Whymper, after half a dozen unsuccessful attempts to scale that tremendously precipitous peak, hitherto deemed impossible of ascent, had succeeded in reaching the summit after an exciting race with a party of Italians, who turned back defeated when not far below the goal. With him were three other Englishmen and three Swiss

guides, of whom Croz was one. On their way down the slippery and almost perpendicular rocks there was a misstep, a sudden fall, a snapped rope—and four of the men shot down the fearful precipice, leaving Whymper and two guides clinging to the rocks. Three bodies were found upon a glacier thousands of feet below; the fourth—that of Lord Frederick Douglas—was never recovered.

Most of the pioneers of the high Alps were Englishmen, but in late years the Britishers' example has been followed, and their feats emulated, by climbers of many other nationalities. There are French, German, and Italian clubs devoted to the sport, and their members, nearer to the field of action, have done much good service in exploring routes, recording Alpine phenomena, and building stations to serve as observatories or to shelter travelers amid the lofty solitudes. Such a station, for instance, is the Quintino Sella hut on Monte Rosa, shown on page 648. The engraving on page 647 shows a party of Italian climbers carrying material for a station—named after the Queen of Italy—on the crest of the same mountain, the second highest of the Alps. These two pictures, and those on the two following pages, were engraved from photographs taken by one of the best known of Italian mountaineers, Vittorio Sella of Biella, who has done some very remarkable work with the camera at the highest altitudes.

The strangest and most tremendous of Alpine phenomena are the glaciers, those huge rivers of ice born of the vast snow fields about the topmost peaks, and thrusting down their frozen masses into the lower valleys, amid grassy slopes, and grain, and fruit trees. They are rivers whose daily flow is measured but by inches, so slowly do they slip down their channels. It has been calculated that a block of stone that fell

upon the upper extremity of the Mer de Glace—the great glacier of Mont Blanc—would be two hundred years in traveling down to Chamounix, some fifteen miles below.

In the Alps, at heights greater than



Panorama of the Viesch Glacier.

ten thousand feet, the snow lies in fields—called *nevé* in French and *firn* in German—that never melt. Below that level, through melting in the sun and freezing again, and through pressure, the snow becomes ice, and glaciers form. There are more than five hundred of them in the Alps, none more than fifteen miles long—far smaller than the huge ice masses which in prehistoric days carved out the valleys and lake basins of that noble mountain chain. The existing glaciers are but the shrunken relics of those that once almost covered Switzerland.

THE STAGE

ADA REHAN.

It is as a tribute to the queen of the stage that we devote a large share of our theatrical department this month to Ada Rehan, and present a gallery of engravings portraying her in a number of her leading rôles. Miss Rehan's claims to the lofty histrionic title we have given her are undeniable. She is today the most versatile and accomplished actress on either the American or the foreign stage.

She was born in Limerick, Ireland, thirty four years ago, of parents named Crehan.

The elimination of the initial "C" came about through the blunder of a printer. To her astonishment she found herself announced on the program, in one of her earliest appearances, as "Miss Rehan." She at once adopted the shorter name. Her brother, also connected with the stage, followed the example of his talented sister.

Miss Rehan first went upon the boards at the age of fourteen, appearing in the small part of *Clara* in Oliver Doud Byron's lurid melodrama, "Across the Continent."



Ada Rehan in "The Last Word."

From a photograph by Bassano, London.



Ada Rehan as "Katharine."

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

She has been twenty years before the footlights, and no season has yet passed that has not recorded growth both in artistic finish and in versatility. Her repertoire now comprises more than one hundred and

fifty plays, and in no character, whether it be that of the giddy girl or the shrew, does she ever descend to the commonplace. There is an earnestness, a dash, a subtleness, a spontaneity, in her acting that mag-

netizes her audiences. That a woman of her stature and age should be able to portray the effervescent young girl with such admirable art, possessing all the enthusiasm and "gush" and "giggle" of the bud, is marvelous, and shows, in contrast with her skilled depiction of the classic Shaksperian rôles, the wonderful range of her genius.

of today is the fruition of years of patient, painstaking work—the combined work of herself and the brainy man under whose guidance she has won international recognition, international fame. She owes much to Daly; Daly owes much to her.

Mr. Daly created a new school of comedy. Instead of the French, he went to the Ger-



Ada Rehan as "Viola."

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1896, by Napoleon S. Long, New York.

It was a fortunate day for both Miss Rehan and Mr. Daly when she entered his company. In the hands of a less critical mentor it is safe to assume that she would never have reached the perfection to which she has attained. Mr. Daly, more than any other manager, has the rare faculty of getting out of others the best that there is in them. This is a high order of genius. The Rehan

man dramatic school for his foundation. Realizing the tremendous originality of his leading lady, the life and the soul of his plays, he went far from the old standards. He put on the stage a fantastic humor which was yet far from being artificial, knowing that he had at his hand an interpreter whose brilliancy, beauty, and vivacity could carry the effect to its highest pitch. It was his task, by pains-



Ada Rehan in "She Would and She Wouldn't"

From a photograph by Surony, New York.

taking teaching, which has only been equaled in the Théâtre Français, to blend play and player until they were indistinguishable.

Miss Rehan's recent season in London was a triumph. Mayfair flocked in throngs

and grace." The London *Daily Telegraph* is equally strong in its praise, saying: "Miss Rehan has given us three great and essentially womanly Shaksperian performances, since she has been one of us—her *Katharine*, her *Rosalind*, and now her



Ada Rehan as "Rosalind" in the Third Act of "As You Like It."

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

to the theater in Leicester Square, drawn thither by her genius. The sentiment of the English press has been most flattering. Its praise for her *Viola* was boundless. "In Shaksperian comedy," says the London *Times*, "she stands alone. It is her true line. To her *Katharine* and her *Rosalind*, her *Viola* forms a charming companion picture, an ideal of womanly self sacrifice

Viola. Who shall attempt to say which is the best? For ourselves, charmed as we have been, we refuse to be the arbiter. The last given is the best remembered, and Miss Rehan's *Viola* will be a memory that time will with great difficulty efface."

"In Miss Rehan," adds Mr. Labouchere's *Truth*, "we have grace, ideality, womanliness, humor, and the most indescribable gift



Ada Kenan as "Rosalind" in the First Act of "As You Like It."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

of all—charm." Other journals are equally pronounced in their praise.

While she is the best known of American actresses, of Miss Rehan's private life the public seldom catches a glimpse. She is beyond the interviewer; he cannot reach her. Off the stage, she declares that she belongs to herself, and that her privacy is sacred. She has little time for frivolities. Her art is her life, and it is a tremendously earnest life.

Miss Rehan is a strong believer in this country's dramatic future. She is reported to have said to Marion Crawford that the

day of the novel is passing away, and that the dawn of a brilliant epoch of American drama is just under the horizon.

It is to be hoped that the latter part of her prediction is true. We could well stand a greater infusion of brains in our plays. The productions of the last year, with few exceptions, have been inanely weak. Another season of such "attractions" would well nigh damn the American stage. But as to the novel, there is grave doubt of the accuracy of Miss Rehan's prophecy. There are fifty million readers in the United States; there may be a mil-

lion theater goers. The forty nine million readers who are not play goers crave sentiment and romance and adventure, and their cravings must be supplied by the novel.

In this conversation with Mr. Crawford



Ada Rehan in "The Prayer."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

the matter of applause came up. "Oh, applause!" exclaimed Miss Rehan; "we must have it. It makes no difference how devoted to her art an actress is, without applause, or that more quiet sympathy which is felt, but not always heard, we collapse. I could not play my best without feeling that my audience was with me, and to meet with positive disapproval would send the shivers down my back."

Miss Rehan has been absent from Amer-

ica since the spring of 1893, when she went to London to open Mr. Daly's new theater. Last year Lord and Lady Muncaster, with whom she is an especial favorite, built a bungalow for her on their estate in Cumberland, just below their castle walls. Here Miss Rehan will spend the latter part of the summer, returning home in September.

During the fall the Daly company is to be divided, Miss Rehan opening at the head of one division, September 24, at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston. She will remain there for two weeks, then play another fortnight in Philadelphia, going on October 22 for one week to Washington. Another week will be given to Louisville, bringing her to Hooley's Theater, Chicago, for two weeks, beginning November 5. One week in St. Louis will follow and then, on November 27, she will join the remainder of the company in opening the New York house for the season.

GEORGIA CAYVAN'S GRIEVANCE.

MISS CAYVAN has spent her vacation in London and Paris. She was very anxious to go to Russia this summer with one of her women friends, but the companion of her choice upset all their plans by getting married.

"That's the way they all do," said Miss Cayvan ruefully, in telling of her disappointment. "And the particularly sharp edge to the thorn in this case comes from the fact that I introduced the man to her myself."

A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

ED SOTHERN has been talking of the necessity for accuracy in the smallest details in order to perfect the illusion of a play. When he reads a newspaper, for instance, in a piece whose scene is laid in England, he considers it essential that the paper should be English; and this paper must be as carefully cherished by the property man as the silver cross or the golden jewel case on which the plot may hinge.

Sometimes, indeed, the whole play threatens to fall to pieces owing to the absence of an article so seemingly unimportant as a slip of paper. Miss Bessie Tyree told the writer of an ordeal of this sort through which she passed during the run of "The Guardsman" at the Lyceum.

"I played the part of a dressmaker, you remember, and in our scene in the second act, Maude Harrison, who was the *Daphne Lovell*, suddenly said to me in an awful



Ada Rehan as "Lady Teazle."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

aside between her set teeth: 'I've forgotten the note!'

"Now this note was a necessary part of the scene. There was no way of going through it without that scrap of paper. I turned hot and cold by turns. Dreadful visions crossed my mind of the acting coming to a dead standstill, while the audience looked pityingly at us, and the curtain was rung down on a miserable fiasco. And all because we had forgotten a bit of paper!

"Moments seemed hours, and then I saw Miss Harrison telling Effie Shannon (the *Lucy Greville*) the terrible fix we were in, just as she had told me of it.

" 'I'll save you,' Miss Shannon whispered back. 'Take what I hand you when I pretend to arrange your dress.'

"She stepped behind Miss Harrison, and with a word or two of explanation about the set of her gown, deftly slipped into her hand the bill I had brought with the dress and had already given her. I breathed a great sigh of relief, and the action proceeded without the audience ever being aware that the performance had come so near to shipwreck.

"It is in order to prevent just such distressing incidents as the foregoing," continued Miss Tyree, "that Mr. Frohman is



Ada Rehan as "Xanthippe."

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

so strict about allowing outsiders on the stage of the Lyceum. My sisters think it very odd that they are not permitted to go in the wings with me, but the stage manager is inexorable. Chatting with your friends about irrelevant matters is apt to distract the mind, and send you upon the scene without some little article whose absence may jeopardize the whole production."

Mention of Maude Harrison recalls the fact that in the notice accompanying her portrait in the May number of this magazine, she was mistakenly referred to as of English birth. Miss Harrison has written to protest, and we gladly make the correction, inasmuch as it permits America to claim this clever actress as her own. Miss Harrison, by the way, has just purchased for herself a comedy by Mrs. Charles Doremus, entitled "Four in Hand."

TWO SUMMER SURPRISES.

ONE of them has been the success of "The Mikado," put on by the Duff Opera Company at New York's Fifth Avenue Theater in the middle of June, after the house had already been closed, and with no particular anticipations of a run. But wonderfully efficient electric fans, and a good all around performance of Sullivan's tuneful opera, have given this production the distinction of dividing with "The Passing Show" at the Casino the theatrical patronage of the hot weather period in the metropolis, these being the only two play-houses open.

The other surprise lay in wait for the Gothamite who sought out the roof garden of Koster & Bial's, and found it not only the roomiest, the highest, and the coolest in the city, but discovered also (and here steps in the surprise) that the character of the place was not at all that which he had associated with the old music hall of the same name in Twenty Third Street. Descending to the handsome auditorium, he found himself surrounded by an audience of quietly attentive men and women; and when his eye chanced to fall upon a little ledge set into the back of each comfortable orchestra chair, he was sensible of a shock at the apparent incongruity of the thing on realizing that it was intended to hold a beer glass. He found the performance on the stage to be as irreproachable as at any of the continuous shows, while in the matter of steadiness of posing, the living pictures were rivaled by no others in town. And the staid Gothamite went home, thinking that if a change of habitat can accomplish such a wondrous transformation for the better, reformers should turn their attention to studying the ethics of moving day.

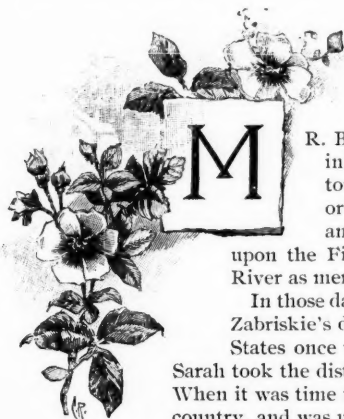
ETCHINGS



WHAT MORE COULD HE ASK?

HE—"You simply say that our engagement must end! Heartless, fickle girl!"

SHE—"Heartless? Fickle? Mr. Somerby, you are unreasonable. The summer is over, and I am going back to the city tomorrow. If we meet here again next summer, I shall be perfectly ready to renew our engagement."



THE MINISTER'S SALUTATION.

R. BENSON'S "Dodo" called forth the following reminiscence from an old time resident of Jersey City—a town which has not always consisted of docks, factories, and railroad yards, but once possessed a select and exclusive society whose members looked down upon the Fifth Avenue people on the other side of the North River as mere parvenus.

In those days, it seems, the *Dodo* of Jersey City was Chancellor Zabriskie's daughter Sarah. The Danish minister to the United States once visited the chancellor's house, and one evening Miss Sarah took the distinguished foreigner to a party at a neighbor's house. When it was time to leave, the diplomat, who had not been long in the country, and was unfamiliar with American etiquette, asked her what



BETWEEN GIRL-FRIENDS.

ALICE DE MILLION—"I have told Jack that I will not marry him unless he can show me that he has an income of ten thousand a year."

'CLARA CANDIDE—"Why, if he had anything like that amount of money he never would want to marry you."

was the most approved form of bidding the hostess good night.

"Oh," said Sarah promptly, "you should say, 'By golly, I've had a bully time.'"

"Madam," repeated the minister to the lady of the house, with a profound bow and his most courtly smile, "by golly, I've had a bully time."

Instantly the horrified look upon the lady's face told him he had said something extremely unconventional. When he learned the trick Miss Zabriskie had played on him, he was furious, and refused to listen to an apology; but he afterwards forgave her sufficiently to marry her.

HEARTS.

"GIVE me your heart, my pretty maid,"
I said with gentle passion;
For to steal the heart of a winsome jade
Is now quite out of fashion.

"Kind sir," quoth she, "I give it you,
Not even asking mother.
And here's another one—that's two;
Another, and another!"

And she kept on, to my chagrin,
With spots, Ace, Jack, King, Queen.
Hearts was our game; she played to win—
And gave me all thirteen!



MARITAL AMENITIES.

THE WIFE—"You are a perfect brute! I believe you would strike me."

THE HUSBAND—"Well, you've struck me many a time—for fifty or a hundred dollars."

A SEASIDE IDYL.

I.

THEY walked by the beautiful sea,
And talked of the moon and the sky,
And of similar themes that poets agree
Will age and oblivion defy.

II.

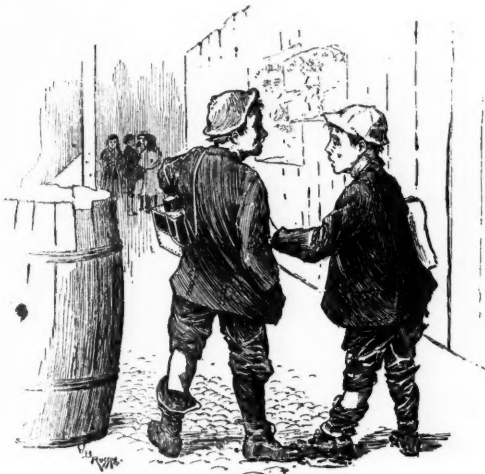
He proudly himself did aver
With tenderest fervor imbued.
She fondly confessed it was "ditto"
with her,
And a sweet osculation ensued.

III.

A month flitted by, and again
They walked by the beautiful sea,
And said pretty things of the moon-
light, and then
Were as tender as tender could be.

IV.

They thrilled as they spoke of a curl,
Or a smile, as fond lovers can;
Although at his side walked a dif-
ferent girl,
And with her? Oh, another young
man.



REDSY—"How is it Skinny Dougan's got such a cinch on der girls, Swipes?"

SWIPESY—"He got his name in der papers fer hookin' noringes from Apple Mag. It's what rich folks calls a scandale, an' a feller's got ter have it ter be pop'lar."



THAT DIMPLE.

I.

AIR, winsome little maiden,
Your ways are full of grace;
'Tis like a ray of sunshine
To see your merry face.

II.

Your eyes are dark and wondrous,
Like sunny gold your hair;
And when you smile, a dimple says:
"Come, kiss me if you dare!"

III.

This dainty little maiden
Is but half of twelve years old,
And so I take the challenge up,
And give a kiss so bold.

IV.

But when this charming lassie
Counts her years almost a score,
If still that tiny dimple gives
Its challenge as before—

V.

I wonder what the lads will do!
They never *can* resist,
When they see that cunning dimple
Just waiting to be kissed!



OPPOSED TO THE WEED.

HE—"Do cigarettes make you ill, Miss Green?"

SHE—"I never tried, Mr. Brown; but the people who smoke them do,"

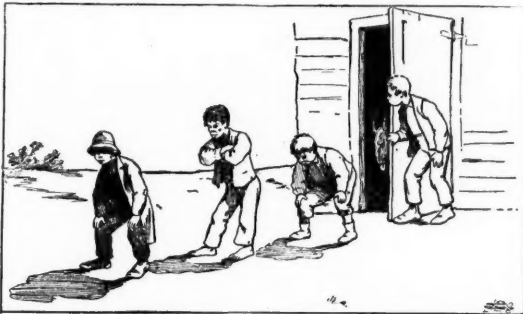


'TIS NOT THE CLOTHES THAT MAKE, ETC.

ONE OF THEM—"Do you know that these costumes make a woman feel courageous?"

THE COW—"What the dickens is the matter with those things, any way?"

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD GAME.



I—TOMMY (opening the door)—"Now we'll have a dandy game of leap frog. Get ready, boys, the fun's going to begin!"

ing a ceremonial blessing from the young and warlike kaiser.

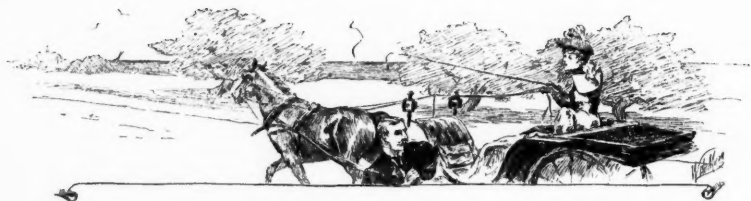
Contrast the emperor's untactful utterance with the truly courtly speech of the mayor of a small provincial town in England, who at some public ball had the overwhelming honor of dancing with the Princess of Wales. The princess smilingly warned him that she had just had the measles in her household, and she hoped that she would not carry the infection; to which the petty official responded

TACT AND GAUCHERIE.

TACT is the crowning virtue of monarchs; yet there are distinguished rulers who possess little of it. An amusing instance of an inappropriate remark was given not long ago by the Emperor William of Germany. His farewell to the Pope, on the occasion of his last visit to Rome, was "Que Dieu vous benisse!" ("May God bless you.") The venerable pontiff must have been surprised at receiv-



II—!!!????!!!



IN HARD TIMES.

CLARA—"What is Mr. Walker—a broker?"

AMY—"Yes—a dead broker."

with a low bow that he "would be delighted to take anything from so charming a source."

THE WAR OF RACES.

HERE are two stories—new ones, the writer thinks—in which a Christian and a Hebrew cross verbal swords.

A passenger in a crowded car on the elevated road in New York saw, or fancied

he saw, that his neighbor was making grimaces at him. "You look as if you wanted to eat me," he presently remarked testily.

"I couldn't," replied the other man. "I am a Hebrew."

A still neater retort is attributed to one of the Rothschilds. It was at a reception in Paris that a traveler who had views on the "anti Semitic" question was descanting



IN WHICH?

HE—"I heard a report this morning that Gus Dudeleigh had fallen and hurt his head,"

SHE—"Well, there's nothing in it."

upon the beauties of the island of Tahiti.
"There are neither hogs nor Jews there,"
he finally said.

"Indeed!" replied Rothschild. "Then
you and I ought to go there together. We
should both be great curiosities there."



TRUTH AND ART.

VAN DYKE—"Here's a little gem—two old cronies with a bottle between them. It's an absolutely perfect bit of genre of the time of our great grandfathers."

VAN BIBBER—"What—two old cronies with only one bottle between them? I don't believe it's a bit like *my* great grandfathers."

A COMPLIMENT TO THE CLERGYMAN.

A MEMBER of the cloth gives the following account of his experience with a Pullman porter and the Iowa prohibition law. Wishing to test the enforcement of the statute, he called the attendant of the car on which he was traveling through the State, and asked if he could have a little whisky.

"Oh, yes, I can fix you, sah," the darky said confidentially.

"But," queried the minister, "how about the Iowa prohibition law?"

"Oh," replied the porter, with a knowing wink, "we always picks our men, sah!"

KATHLEEN.

OH, your face is wondrous fair,
Sweet Kathleen!
And there's witchery to spare,
Neat Kathleen,
In the flash of those bright eyes,
Where a roguish twinkle lies
And the spark of mischief flies,
Sweet Kathleen!

There is danger in a glance
Near Kathleen!
You would lead a man a dance,
Dear Kathleen!
For I fear you'd flirt a bit,
And you wouldn't care a whit
What your sweetheart thought of it,
Dear Kathleen!

LITERARY CHAT

THE IMPURE IN LITERATURE.

THERE is prevalent a cynical belief that the best way to advertise a story is to say that its morals are questionable; that the instant somebody in authority condemns a book for lack of purity, its fortune is made.

This is not exactly true. The general reading public does not like uncleanness in literature any more than it likes uncleanness of speech or of surroundings. You will find, by a careful looking over of the book stands, and by well made inquiries, that the clean book outsells the unclean, ten to one.

A publishing house in New York was taken in by that fallacy once, and came to grief and failure. In almost every case the book of unpleasant suggestiveness is dull and stupid, and would have had no vogue at all except for its advertisement. Any advertisement will boom a book for a little while. Many people have no idea what to read, and select the one whose title has been presented to them. If some one had called it "good" they would have taken it with even more pleasure.

George Moore, the English author, who pens delightful, spicy criticisms, writes novels that are very poor, considered from the standpoint of the general reader. "A Mummer's Wife" was as realistic and unpleasant as a medical report from Blackwell's Island—and as stupid. Its author has now brought out a new book, "Esther Waters," which the managers of the London circulating library have declined to put out. Mr. Moore's friends, and the people who write books themselves, have come to his rescue, to declare that there is nothing objectionable in the book.

London correspondents would have us think that the fate of "Esther Waters" was the one subject of discussion in England, and that the book's financial success is assured. The subject very possibly is paramount in the society frequented by the correspondents, but there is a great mass of Englishmen who are not caring one penny what anybody thinks of *Esther Waters'* morals. If she is entertaining, they will spend the hours necessary to the making of her acquaintance, and if she is stupid she will not go very far.

Mr. Moore is one of the *Yellow Book* clique, and sat by Mrs. Craigie at the din-

ner given by the editors of that affected periodical upon the publication of the first number.

"MR. BAILEY-MARTIN."

MR. PERCY WHITE is a Londoner who might be called a young writer, as he has just published his first novel this year. But Mr. White is a journalist of forty years, well known in London, where his tall and military appearance, and wonderful skill as a fencer, have made him conspicuous.

"Mr. Bailey-Martin" is a clever study of a snob, very modern, very acute. It has in its style the keenness, and the quick motion of the mind and eye, that can follow the flash of a foil.

Mr. White is the editor of *Public Opinion*, a weekly London paper.

NOVELISTS' FAVORITE NOVELS.

THERE are no people such omnivorous readers of novels as novel writers. They usually begin to read so early that they have formed the habit long before they begin to look upon every novel as a possible text book. A novelist never sees a successful book with other than respectful eyes. He may not call it literature, and he may not believe in it, but he considers it.

When we can hear a novelist tell what he most enjoys reading, we hear more about his own habits and tastes and aims than all the interviewers will ever tell us—more than his own books will tell us. Walter Besant considers "Lorna Doone" the best novel by a living writer. Dr. Conan Doyle gives the palm to "The Cloister and the Hearth," and after that to "Ivanhoe" and "Esmond." Of the modern books he likes best "A Window in Thrums" and "An African Farm." Of his own books Dr. Doyle prefers "The White Company." He says that he spent one year studying the middle ages before he wrote it, and tore the heart out of a hundred and sixteen books for his material. Froissart and Chaucer were his chief sources of information.

It seems rather peculiar that Archibald Clavering Gunter's favorite novels are the "Lorna Doone" and "Cloister and the Hearth" of Besant and Doyle's love. Stevenson runs from Sir Walter Scott to Henry James. When Colonel Richard Henry Savage was approached and asked

what he liked to read, he paid great honor to his memory, and ran off the names of all the writers known to fame since the days of the New Testament. He said that "to the great men and women of the pen I owe my highest hours of soul communion and aspiration."

David Christie Murray also calls out "The Cloister and the Hearth" as his favorite novel.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

THERE are some old books of which the public never tires. They go into edition after edition, outliving thousands of books that have been heralded as the novel of the year. They are seldom exponents of any particular cult, and are based upon the sound theory that nine tenths of the people in any one generation are fundamentally like nine tenths of the people in any other; and that to be always modern you must be always blind to non essentials.

Everybody has read "The Wooing O't," and few of its later readers can realize that it is so old, and that its author is a woman of seventy, and a grandmother.

Mrs. Alexander is in private life Mrs. Hector, and is a tall, stately woman with clever, well brought up children. As a young girl, she was a friend of Charles Dickens, and did some work for him on *All The Year Round*; but after her marriage to Mr. Hector, she found that he objected to a literary wife, so she gave up her ambitions. She was a brilliant, clever Irish girl, and her husband was a Scotchman. There was material for one of her own stories right at her hand.

Her husband lived only a few years, and then she went abroad with her children, to educate them in France and Germany, and took up her pen with eagerness. Many clever novels have come from her knowledge of cosmopolitan life and from her keen observation.

ZOLA'S STUDY OF HEREDITY.

ZOLA has at last finished the Rougon-Macquart series. Whatever may be said of his novels, the truth remains that future historians will not thoroughly understand some phases of French life during the second empire until they have read this series of books. He has made his fictitious family representative of the social forces working through France in his day, and he has followed its thread with its peculiar traits through every walk of life.

Like all scientists and all thinkers, he

sees that heredity is the implacable fate which follows all families. It is the one thing from which it is impossible to escape. But few agree with him that it is the one clear duty to transmit and continue this life with all its burdens. Reasoning in this way, a bad man is as irresponsible as a weed. If he is born a thief and murderer, he is only carrying out his destiny in the world when he commits crimes. It gives a wide but utterly hopeless view of life.

MADAME SARAH GRAND.

WE have wise men all about us, who are continually giving us facts, statistics, which seem to mean one thing when they mean quite another. A young editor who sometimes writes literary information for the newspapers tells us that the recent "successes" of English writers have been newspaper successes, which the gullible American public have swallowed, and have made facts, on this side of the world. He quotes "The Heavenly Twins" as one of these, saying that here there have been thousands sold where one was sold in England. That is true enough. But he neglects to state that the book costs seven dollars and fifty cents in England, and—in some places—nineteen cents here!

Madame Grand's novel is open to many criticisms, and one is apt to sympathize with the many London publishers who refused it; but the fact remains that it has gone into several London editions, even at its price.

Madame Grand (as she chooses to be called) refused to give her name to the public, but sent out a photograph which was immediately recognized as that of Mrs. Chambers McFall, the daughter of one naval officer and the wife of another. She has had all sorts of experiences, from earthquakes to Chinese insurrections, and has a character that causes her friends to idolize her. Her two dearest friends are her step children.

"THE PRINCESS MARGARETHE."

A BOOK for children, when it is properly written, is a book for grown up people as well.

"The Princess Margarethe," by John D. Barry, is dedicated to "all little girls who would like to be princesses." It is a book whose pathos will touch more parents than children, for to them will be fully revealed the sorrows of the little princess who came into the world unasked, and lived in a deprecating fashion, wistful, sweet, uncon-

sciously apologizing for taking the place of the brother who was longed for. The story is perfect in its way, and one wants to see more of it, to see the same observation, fancy, and skill shown in a larger work.

THE DECADENTS.

WE hear a great deal in this day about the "Decadents," and a great many people have been puzzled at the name. The same little group of writers are also known as the "symbolists" or the "impressionists." The best examples of their work are found in the writings of Paul Verlaine and the brothers Goncourt in France, of Maeterlinck in Belgium, of Henley in England.

Verlaine's published poetry is generally of the most devout character. It is almost impossible to realize that most of it was written when the author was in a nervous, enfeebled state after a prolonged debauch. During these attacks, from which he is rescued with the greatest difficulty, Verlaine writes poetry which is too powerful to destroy, but too sensual to print. Restored to sanity, if the trembling wreck of his sober self can be called sane, he writes the spiritual poetry which has earned him his fame.

"GYP."

"GYP" is a French writer who would charm Americans if she were translatable. If there was a writer clever enough to do for "Gyp" what H. C. Bunner did for Maupassant's tales in "Made in France," by Americanizing them, his fortune would be made. She is the embodiment of the sparkle, brilliancy, and charm of modern Parisianism. She is the grandniece of the famous Mirabeau, and the wit and power of her family has been run into the feminine mold for her.

She is the wife of Martel, the head of the great distilling firm, and is very conspicuous socially. She has a tall son now, who was once a tiny one, named Bob. When she told any particularly audacious tale, she always put on an innocent air, and said, "Bob told me today that"—and so on. She is devoted to outdoor sports, and is said by her friends to be the very spirit of mischief and gaiety.

MR. KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING has discovered that some of his varied information may not be practically useful in the every day walks of life; but that will doubtless interfere very

little with its picturesque use in fiction. The other day he stopped a Chinaman and addressed him in Chinese. The bewildered Celestial looked at him stoically for an instant, and then, saying "Me no speakee Inglis," walked on.

One of the young writers who believe that all the editors have a bitter prejudice against them, sent Mr. Kipling a manuscript, asking his advice and opinion. He received the frankest and fullest of letters from Mr. Kipling, ending like this:

As the revision of stories is not my regular work, I must inform you that my fee for a written opinion, suggestion, etc., is \$5 (five dollars). I shall therefore be obliged if you will send this sum to the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund at your earliest convenience, advising me by letter of the same.

Conan Doyle calls Kipling "the Swinburne of the canteen."

A "NEW WRITER."

PEOPLE are just beginning to discover Charles Warren Stoddard's "South Sea Idyls," although it has been in print for at least fifteen years. He is known and described by interviewers as a "new writer."

Robert Buchanan has long pointed the finger of scorn at America for her neglect of Stoddard, and now he is being "discovered." Mr. Stoddard is professor of English literature in the Catholic University at Washington. He has been a traveling newspaper correspondent, an actor, a lecturer, and an explorer. His best work is in his letters written to newspapers, and it was from these that his "South Sea Idyls" were culled.

"GEORGE EGERTON."

MRS. CLAIRMONT, the "George Egerton" who wrote "Keynotes," lives somewhere in the country near London, and is thus described by one of her friends:

"She is a woman between thirty and thirty four, I should think from her appearance, with a slender, not particularly well developed figure, graceful, pretty hands, and a delightful way of using them as she talks. She is not pretty, but her face is wonderfully mobile and sympathetic, being so changeable in expression that it seems always as though unwonted lights and shadows played fitfully over it. She has pretty, soft hair, not thick, and though her eyes are not large (and she is so near sighted that she is never without glasses), they are extremely fascinating. She seems a woman who would draw strangers to confide in her,

and it is evident from her manner that she finds no one dull or depressing, but takes the keenest interest in humanity at large. She has a wonderfully sweet, sympathetic voice, and though she dresses simply, her gowns and hats—her very gloves and boots—seem to mean something more than those of ordinary women. She refuses stoutly to be interviewed, saying she hopes she 'may never come to it.'"

THE SOUTHERN WRITERS.

THEY are Grace King, George W. Cable, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Thomas Nelson Page. These are the people who have used the South in artistic fashion, and have given the essence of Southern life.

Cable is almost a caricaturist. He is not a Southern man—not of the people he depicts, and does not know their language, their beliefs, their ancestry, nor anything about them except the impression they make upon his mind and imagination. He has recorded the impression—vivified and touched up—which they have given thousands of other people, and consequently his work is true and artistic. A man who paints a galloping horse makes a picture of what we see when a horse gallops, but the result is nothing like an instantaneous photograph of a real horse in action. An impression of movement is a live thing; arrested movement is dead and meaningless. This is the difference between art and realism.

Grace King knows the life she depicts, but that has nothing whatever to do with the value of her work. Its humanity is its keynote. She paints humanity in the environment she knows, with all its pathos and humor, and she never makes a character do anything we do not understand.

Page idealizes the negro, giving the memories, the traditions of slavery. It is a well known fact that blessings brighten as they recede, and the slave owners in this day see only the virtues of their old servants. Nothing would make them realize how troublesome they were, except a proposition to restore them to their old position. There probably is not one who would want to take them back. Mr. Page tells the truth. He is drawing the slave as he exists in the minds of Southern people today.

Ruth McEnery Stuart has the clear vision which sees all around her subject, and sees it as the real artist always sees, optimistically. There never has been a truer story, or a more humorous one, told than "The Widow Johnsing." The lack of negro morals, which is more unmorality than anything else, the survival of the easy marri-

ages of slavery days, their caricaturing of white people, and their cunning and romanticism, have never been given as Mrs. Stuart gives it. She shows the darky as he is, the most interesting peasant on earth.

ON HER AFRICAN FARM.

OLIVE SCHREINER has done what the organs of women's rights are always threatening. She has married and asked her husband to take her name, instead of losing her own identity in his.

"Krantz Plaats" is the name of their place in South Africa. They own a dairy, and consider the work of that before book writing. "To feed and clothe, to order a small plot of ground and the living things upon it, to walk simply hand in hand with the kindly seasons," is Olive Schreiner's idea of life. She thinks that living close to nature is a poem. There have been others who have had the hardest prose of life who have also thought so.

It is a fact that from the country, from the earth, comes all the originality, all the freshness which gets into literature or art. Its well spring is there, however far into the haunts of men the raw material may have been carried before it is made up. "The Story of an African Farm" was as new as though it had been the first book; and England has bought seventy three thousand copies of it, and America probably three times as many.

AN OLD TIME MAGAZINE.

THE death of the owner and editor of the first magazine of American literature causes us to look back proudly, viewing our youth and our achievements as a country.

Edgar Allan Poe was the managing editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and Bayard Taylor earned his first money by writing for it.

Mr. Graham paid Longfellow fifty dollars for "The Village Blacksmith." He once sent for James Fenimore Cooper, and asked him to write ten short stories of naval adventure.

"Oh, I can't write for you," Cooper said. "You cannot pay me enough."

"How much do you want?" asked Mr. Graham.

"One hundred dollars a story, in advance."

To his amazement, Mr. Graham promptly drew him a check for a thousand dollars. This was so reckless a piece of enterprise that it was repeated from mouth to mouth. Last year a magazine paid Conan Doyle six thousand dollars for twelve stories.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

THE DISREPUTE OF POLITICS.

POLITICS is the science of government, the art of managing the affairs of a state. What loftier science, what nobler art, can there be—what that touches wider human interests, that involves more momentous issues, that offers a greater career to its earnest student and conscientious practitioner?

It is scarcely necessary to point out the difference between this, the true sense of the term, and the politics of ordinary life and conversation. As we see it before our eyes, politics is not the science and art of anything more than selfish aggrandizement and the seeking of spoils. It does not—with rare exceptions—attract to itself the brightest intellects and the most sterling characters of each rising generation. It does not carry with it the prestige of a noble calling. Indeed, its followers are generally regarded, by the best sentiment of society, with much indifference, and even a certain sort of contempt.

This feeling is probably more noticeable at the present time than it has ever been before. Never, probably, have politics and politicians together rested in such general disfavor as now. Expressions of dissatisfaction, of disgust, are heard on all sides. The business world rails at Congressional inaction on financial questions. The mass of the laboring population seethes with a resentment that is vaguer but no less strong. Discontent is everywhere in the air. The personae of our governing bodies is criticised with an asperity that is unwonted even in these days of fierce partisanship. The very stability of our political institutions is questioned by those who never mistrusted them before.

It would be interesting to inquire the reason of all this. Is it due to the prevalent financial depression and commercial stagnation? If so, is it a merited condemnation of the guilty authors of the country's woes, or a blind visitation of unreasoning resentment? Is it a more or less temporary and accidental phenomenon, brought about by the difficulties our legislators have experienced in dealing with the immediate questions before them, or do its causes lie deeper?

There is no good reason to believe that the public men of today are inferior in character and ability to the average level of their predecessors; but is it not the case that

the spread of education and the general elevation of popular ideals have made the nation more sensible to the defects of the governmental machine and its administrators? The evils of partisanship may be no greater now than in the days when Washington fulminated against them; but is not the mass of the people beginning to understand them more clearly, and to weary of the system that perpetuates them?

There is a demand for a better politics, which is making itself felt not in this country only. The leader of one of the English parties recognized it in a recent speech when he said: "I believe the community has awakened to its liabilities and duties to all ranks and classes, and I believe the people are now inclined to think that politics is not merely a game in which the pawns are too often sacrificed to the knights and castles—but is a living and ennobling effort to carry into practical politics and practical life the principles of a higher morality."

In an unhealthy organization, discontent may presage disruption; in a healthy one, it points the way to improvement. Well indeed will it be if dissatisfaction with politics as it is shall help toward the attainment of politics as it should be.

WOMEN'S ECONOMY.

A FEATURE of these "hard times" is the formation of "economy societies," "calico clubs," and similar associations of women who mutually agree to eschew extravagance. We hear of one in an inland town not far from New York, whose members have signed the following pledge:

"We, the undersigned, desiring to lighten in some measure the burdens of our husbands and fathers by prudent retrenchment in our household expenses, therefore pledge our word of honor that we will not during a period of one year purchase any material for wearing apparel, the cost of which shall exceed twenty five cents per yard.

"And we further promise to observe a strict economy in all our household matters, and cheerfully add by those delicate sacrifices to the general stock of home comforts too often dispensed with for the frivolous outside adornment of the body alone."

Of course, the movement has been laughed at. There are always male cynics to sneer at feminine endeavor. Most of these pledges of economy, the scoffers say,

went into operation when the fair economists' wardrobes were freshly filled with Eastertide purchases; and they will be in serious danger of oblivion when the "new styles" of next winter make their appearance. But a triumphant refutation of these base insinuations is supplied by no less an authority than the governmental Bureau of Statistics at Washington. From the official tabulation of foreign goods imported into the United States during the fiscal year ending with June last, we extract the following significant facts:

Amid the general falling off in the value of commodities imported in twelve months of financial depression, one of the smallest decreases was in tobacco—a luxury that still is practically an exclusively masculine one. Some thirteen million dollars' worth of it came in, against sixteen millions for the previous year; and the diminution may have been largely due to falling prices rather than to a lessened consumption. The decline in importations of wines and spirits was in almost precisely the same proportion—a percentage of about twenty. It does not look as if the husbands and brothers have given up their cigars and their champagne to any very great extent.

But turn to articles of feminine use. The jewelry imported was but ten million dollars' worth, against thirty in 1892-93—a falling off of sixty six per cent. In silks, the decrease was thirty six per cent. In women's and children's dress fabrics it was almost fifty per cent. What a tale of self denial these cold, prosaic figures tell! Not often is pathos an element of official statistics, but surely here is a case of it.

Women may, speaking collectively, be extravagant in prosperity, but in adversity they are far more self denying than men. When the stress comes, no sacrifice is too great for them to make with cheerful and uncomplaining devotion. All honor to the tens of thousands of American mothers, wives, and daughters who have given up jewels and fine raiment, and curtailed their comforts or even their necessities, to help their bread winners in a time of need. Their political economy may possibly have been faulty, but their hearts were of pure gold.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

WHY is it that Americans are such eager and persistent pilgrims to the historical sites of the Old World, and so absolutely indifferent to those of their own country? Foreign travel is an excellent thing. Tens of thousands of Americans have found it a powerful instrument of culture; but it is

neither reasonable nor expedient to scorn acquaintance with one's native land as so large a class of our people more or less avowedly do.

Why does the average young American go abroad before he or she has visited Niagara, and admire the Alps before seeing the Rockies? Why do we tread reverently at Stratford and in the Poets' Corner, and neglect the graves and birthplaces of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Poe, and Cooper? Why do we journey to spots famous in the annals of Europe, and neglect the cradles of our own liberties?

Why are there no pilgrimages to such places as Concord, where was fired the "shot heard round the world," or to the historic green of Lexington? New England is full of points almost equally replete with memories of past events. The neighborhood of the metropolis has not a few, but New Yorkers seldom display interest in them. If the old grange on Convent Avenue, or "Fraunces' Tavern" on lower Pearl Street, were in some European city, a constant stream of tourists, red guide book in hand, would pass before them; here such a spectacle is never seen.

Foreigners sometimes remind us of the value and importance of our historic scenes. When Dean Stanley came to America he said that there were three places he must visit at all costs—Plymouth Rock, Concord, and the home of Jonathan Edwards. He had a strong sense of the meaning of such local associations, and Americans would do well to learn from him the worth of their unheeded possessions.

THE DESIRE FOR WAR.

"WE ought to have another war." This is a statement that has probably been made a thousand times in a thousand different quarters during the last few months; and the belief is vaguely cherished by many who have not expressed it. A great national war, many men think today, would be a great national blessing. It would, they say, stimulate leading industries, and greatly enhance the demand for labor and the pay of laborers. It would make a vast increase in the number of persons employed by the government, which would in turn remedy the present over supply in the labor market. It would necessitate vast expenditures, which would set immense sums of money in circulation, like life giving blood, along the depleted arteries of commerce. It would open up new opportunities of a career to thousands now hopelessly struggling in the fierce com-

petition of crowded industries. Our last war was followed by the most prosperous period the country ever had, and why should not history repeat itself?

Can it really be the case that war, with its awful destruction of life and property, with its deluge of blood and tears, with its trampled fields and its burned homesteads, with its harvest of maimed and crippled men, of wives made widows and children become orphans—can it be that war would be to us a blessing in disguise? Bad must be the plight of the body politic if the only medicine that will give it health is this gruesome drug. He must be a reckless doctor that would prescribe so terrible a medicine. It is one that may cure—and may kill.

If what we need is some bold and decided stroke that shall revitalize the lethargic frame and restore its stagnant circulation, can nothing else be found? The gist of the argument for war is that it would provide employment and put great sums into circulation. Cannot the same thing be effected by peaceful means? Suppose, for instance, that the government, instead of hiring a million men to slay and to be slain, should hire them to make much needed roads, to improve and fortify our harbors, to provide new water ways for our inland traffic, to attempt the comprehensive irrigation of our arid lands. Would not the result be equally beneficial, with an incalculable saving of human life and happiness?

Either plan would necessitate an increase of taxation, or an addition to the national debt. In the case of war, to secure a temporary stimulation we should be making a heavy drain upon our resources—a drain that would be as life blood spilled, a profitless expenditure that would have to be made good by future generations. In the other case, we should be making an investment whose cost would be returned in the permanent benefits it would secure to industry and commerce.

This is an idea worth thinking about.

THE PAY OF THE CLERGY.

FROM the census figures of the salaries paid to clergymen, a contemporary extracts the conclusion that "when compared with the incomes of the physicians and the lawyers, except where the great prizes are concerned, the clergy are quite as well off pecuniarily as any other great professional class." This, however, scarcely seems a fair summing up of the facts. For instance, take the Episcopal church—one that is more identified with wealth than almost any

other, and one that prides itself upon the high standards maintained in its ministry. The bishops of the denomination receive from \$3,300 to \$12,500, averaging \$5,000. There are not a few individual parishes where the rector's salary is \$10,000, and many where it is as high as \$6,000. But the average for the whole denomination is set down as only \$800 a year; and to balance the large incomes mentioned there must be very many that are below even that modest figure. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and less than \$800 can hardly be considered a proper remuneration for the services of a man who is qualified to administer to the spiritual needs of intelligent people.

The salaries paid in the Presbyterian church are a little higher, running up to \$15,000 a year, with a parsonage—in the case of Dr. John Hall of New York—and averaging over \$1,000. For the great Methodist body the figure given as the average stipend of a traveling preacher is \$847. With the Baptists, the Lutherans, and other sects, the incomes of pastors are a good deal lower.

The clergy of the United States are paid, no doubt, as well as circumstances permit, but not as well as it might be wished that circumstances would permit.

A BLOW TO SUPERSTITION.

THE American and European missionaries who have so long and earnestly endeavored to turn China's vast population from its ancient superstitions, may extract at least a grain of comfort from the war between the Flowery Kingdom and Japan. The Chinamen's gods of war, as embodied by their sculptors, are said to be the most repulsive of known idols. In the present emergency these hideous divinities have been loudly invoked. Tons of rice, mountains of cakes, and countless ducks, pigeons, and chickens have been offered at their shrines—to be devoured by their armies of sleek and lazy priests. But the result has been disappointing. The war gods have totally failed to protect China's rabble of an army and navy against the superior discipline and the improved weapons of the minions of the Mikado.

Such an experience may do more than many sermons in discrediting the pagan deities whom the pig tailed Orientals have venerated for long centuries. We hope to hear that they have been abandoned by their worshipers and sold to some collector of curious bric-à-brac. "Genuine Chinese War God—Reduced to \$9.98," may be a notice that we shall see before long in a Broadway store window.

